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The Listener

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Winter in Switzerland: a Christmas holiday scene at Arosa

J. Allan Cash

In this number:

Is an Expenditure Tax Feasible? (Sir Arnold Plant)

Exploring the Antarctic (L. P. Kirwan)

Survival After Death (Rt. Rev. Monsignor R. A. Knox)



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The Listener

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The Next Stage in the Problem of the Saar

By TERENCE PRITTIE

WHEN the Saar referendum took place on October 24 a great deal was written about the rebirth of a violent nationalism and even of nazism. The view of most newspaper men who saw something of the referendum campaign was that a dangerous situation had been created by political extremists who were working against the European solution agreed on by the French and west German governments. The picture which they painted was black and frightening. It was that of a Saar dominated by men whom one British publication compared somewhat fancifully to crocodiles, and of an impending new conflict between France and Germany over their interests in the area.

After the war the Saar was for the second time detached from Germany, this time by unilateral French action. In 1947 the French, again by unilateral action, increased the Saar's area by thirty per cent, by adding to it strips of land taken from the Rhine-Palatinate. They gave the Saar a constitution and had it ratified by a Saar parliament which was bribed with three promises. There was to be no dismantling, no influx of east German refugees, and, most important of all, no hunger. The essence of the Saar's new status was contained in the fifty-ninth Article of its constitution: 'The Saar is an autonomous state; it is economically united with France'. In November 1947, the French franc became the sole negotiable currency. In January 1948, the French took over control of the banks and organised the 'Régie des Mines de la Sarre' to manage the coal-mines. The steel industry was alienated from its German owners and put under French management. So were insurance and the railways. In April 1948, the Saar was joined to France by a customs and currency union, and in 1950 all previous French actions were embodied in a series of conventions which the Saar parliament ratified.

Meanwhile the French manager of the 'Régie des Mines', M. Babouin, signed an 'agreement' with the Lorraine coal-mines which gave the latter the right to exploit the Saar's only big coal reserve, the spade-shaped piece of land jutting into Lorraine and called the Warndt. Finally, last May, an economic agreement was signed which gave France control of customs, currency, foreign exchange, foreign trade, investment in industry, and credit policy. All important parts of the 1950 conventions remained in force.

All this was accompanied by a political programme designed to secure in power the parties licensed in 1947 which had accepted a situation that may have seemed unavoidable. The official Socialist and Christian People's Parties were joined, freakishly, in parliament by the Communists who were pro-German. But the Democratic Party of Dr. Schneider was banned. A case was trumped up against it which was founded on a forged telegram indicating a close connection with the neo-nazis led by ex-General Remer. So the Democratic Party's appeals for reinstatement were ignored. Finally, its banning was confirmed on Christmas Eve, 1952.

Meanwhile, elections had been held and the two other pro-German parties had been prevented from taking part by the government's refusal to license them. Herr Hoffmann's policy was that no respectable pro-German party should be allowed to function; the Communists were a different matter. This policy was backed by persistent breaking up of private meetings of ten or a dozen critics of the government, by the systematic tapping of telephone lines, by the censoring of mails, and by other petty acts of persecution. Dr. Schneider, for instance, had a special stamp put into his Saar passport: 'Not valid for France'. More than 500 people of pro-German sympathies were ejected from the Saar, and French citizens were put in charge of police, press, radio, and education. No free press was allowed in the Saar and west German newspapers were periodically banned. The Saar during this eight-year period was a discreetly managed, genteel police-state.

The two sets of dragon's teeth, economic and political, were of equal significance. The Saar referendum was rejected primarily because Saarlanders regarded the issue as one of separation from Germany. They did not understand the Statute; nor could this possibly be expected. A referendum of this kind is a piece of sublime foolishness. The assessment of a trickily worded document, with contradictions bulging out of every line of it, is a matter for statesmen and lawyers only. The leaders of the pro-German parties had a long list of economic grievances. Thus the Lorraine coal-miners began, with Herr Hoffmann's connivance, to extract coal from under the frontier from the Warndt in 1948. At first they constructed only emergency and air shafts on Saar soil, but recently they have built two new pits there. In six years they have taken out about 18,000,000 tons of coal and

have been helped by 6,000 Saar miners, who cross into France, re-cross underground into the Saar, emerge into France when their shift is over, and cross the frontier once more on their way home.

The Germans failed to develop the Warndt. It could be argued that the French should have their chance now. But this is the Saar's sole reserve. Without being worked by the French it could have a life of 150 years; this may now be reduced to 80, as opposed to the 250 of the French mines in Lorraine. In the next 12 years some 15,000 miners will be put out of work by the closing down of half a dozen mines north of Saarbrücken, and the last foreseeable new shaft, outside the Warndt, has just been opened. The French have a certain lease of the Warndt for 30 years and a claim for 99 years. They pay 90 francs a ton for the coal; its market price is four times this.

French Refusal to Allow German Investment

Next to the Warndt the most immediate grievance is French refusal to allow German investment in the Saar. The French have saddled the coal-mines with a debt of 30-billion francs and have failed to re-equip them and the steelworks. According to the Saar Chambers of Commerce there is an immediate need of 190-billion francs for investment in heavy industry. But when the Duisberg engineering firm of DEMAG asked permission to build a factory at Bierbach its plans were turned down flat. So were German plans for financing an electric power plant and a stocking factory, and for opening insurance offices in the Saar. Officials of the Hoffmann Government admitted to me that the worst French mistake has been failure to secure industrial credits, most of which were bound to come from western Germany.

Under the Saar statute France could have retained control of foreign trade and revenue. Taxes collected in the Saar are 'pooled' in Paris and only a proportion is paid back into the Saar treasury. Two months ago the Saar Minister of Finance, Herr Senf, resigned because of this and claimed that the Saar faced a budgetary deficit of 45-billion francs. French control over imports is a more obvious grievance. 'Whose cars, refrigerators, and industrial machinery should I buy?' one Saar financier asked me. 'Why, naturally, Germany's, they're cheaper, better, and something that we know'. One example tells a story. There is a tariff against German Volkswagens and by arrangement no spare parts for them in the Saar. The Saar's imports are regulated by quotas set in Paris. Last year, Saar imports from Germany increased by 9 per cent., her exports to Germany by 30 per cent. France had a trading deficit with Germany of £20,000,000; but the Saar's trading surplus was £24,000,000. On October 25, M. Grandval, former High Commissioner in the Saar, said that this arrangement was ideal. The Saar sent 60-billion francs' worth of coal and steel yearly to France, and received 100-billion francs' worth of foodstuffs. And the Saar's export surplus to other European countries brought in badly needed foreign exchange. The French foreign trade deficit was adjusted; it was an excellent 'deal'.

There are hard economic facts behind these economic grievances. The franc is shaky; the deutsche mark is rock steady. France is beset by colonial troubles; western Germany instead has profitable and expanding contacts with underdeveloped countries. The French gross product is increasing by 2 per cent. a year, the German by 7 per cent. Germany is reducing, France increasing direct taxation. Naturally, Saar business men are turning their eyes east. The programme of the pro-German parties is largely concerned with economics. Alongside their assertion that the Saar is politically part of Germany are their demands that the Franco-Saar economic union must end, that the Saar should not be subjected to reparations ten years after the war, that foreign and especially German investments should be encouraged to flow into the country, and that the Warndt agreement should be terminated in 1959. The Saarlanders want more German goods, both for industrial re-equipment and for their households. And they want control of their foreign exchange surplus in order to buy those goods.

Economics have shaped the policies of the pro-German parties; politics have produced the wave of Germanism which has surprised and frightened so many observers during recent months. The clue to this undoubtedly change in political temper is provided by what happened just over a year ago. Until the French parliament rejected E.D.C. most Saarlanders assumed that a 'Europeanised' Saar would play its part in a conscious, cohesive development towards a united Europe. The Saar would be a seat of European institutions, and a whole 'European City' was planned to be built on the high ground between Saarbrücken and the French frontier. A European Saar would be able to trade freely and profitably with all its neighbours.

All these fine dreams crumbled into dust when France rejected E.D.C. and lost some of the sympathy of the western world for her sufferings. The psychological effect on the Saarlanders was considerable. Ahead of them was an endless interim, a political Hades in which they would be bound with economic fetters forged by France and committed to the modified police-state of Herr Hoffmann. French plans for the Saar have become even more plain since the referendum. M. Grandval said last month that France had only approved the Schuman Plan on the understanding that the Saar was detached from Germany. Western Germany produced 45 per cent. of the coal and steel of the Schuman Plan area, France 24 per cent. and the Saar 8 per cent. 'If the Saar is given back to her', Mr. Grandval concluded, 'then western Germany will control over 50 per cent. of the coal and steel'. This was unthinkable. The former French Ambassador to Bonn, Mr. François-Poncet, wrote in *Figaro* that France would be placed in a position of 'economic inferiority' if the Franco-Saar economic union were dissolved. Parliament would 'call any French government to order which failed to take account of this'. A few days ago M. Vendroux, General de Gaulle's brother-in-law, declared in the French Assembly that the Saar coal-mines must be handed over to French ownership.

The French rejection of E.D.C. left the Saarlanders with only the sturdy and suspicious self-interest of the frontiersman. As soon as the referendum campaign opened the pro-German parties sprang into life and a pro-German press created itself in the dust of disused premises and with the help of pre-1914 printing presses. The enthusiasm of these pioneers was matched by that of the populace. The Saarlanders misunderstood the terms of the referendum. They supposed that the real issue was the fate of the Hoffmann Government and their own right to return to Germany. Dr. Adenauer intervened three times in favour of the statute, and the Western European Commission once. The Federal German politicians kept themselves clear of the Saar. The pro-Germans were fighting against a machine which had been in power for eight years. Yet the result was never in doubt.

How dangerous were the passions unleashed by the referendum campaign and by the futile experiment of asking 650,000 people to determine the fate of a document which they did not understand? Political repression and economic graft are bound to arouse passions, but comparisons between the pro-German parties in the Saar and the Nazis are wide of the mark. In the Saar there were no torchlight parades such as those of the reconstituted Stahlhelm under ex-Marshals Kesselring. There were no marches, such as those organised in honour of ex-General 'Panzer' Meyer in the Rhineland when he was released from a war-criminal's gaol. There was no intervention across the frontier. There were no uniforms. There were some spontaneous and regrettably violent demonstrations and some tough and bitter speeches, but popular pictures of the three pro-German leaders, Ney, Conrad, and Schneider, were wildly overdrawn. Only Schneider has either a pugnacious manner or a Nazi past. But his manner should surprise no one, in view of the continuous and niggling political persecution to which he was subjected for eight years. And he left the Nazi Party in 1936, ten years before four members of the present Federal German Cabinet.

The referendum campaign was explosive; it was bound to be. What has happened since should set at rest the fears of those who believed the wilder stories of the neo-Nazis being once more on the march. A caretaker administration has governed without difficulty. A few officials have been dismissed, generally with reason. The head of the Saar radio has been replaced. The trade unions have shaken themselves into their new pro-German mould. More than 500 exiles have been invited to return home.

A Confused Situation

The Saar situation, naturally, remains confused and troublesome. The pro-German administration which will be elected may even be strong enough to revise the constitution. In any case it will demand to be consulted in the fresh negotiations between France and Germany which now have to take place. It will ask for political reunion with Germany at the earliest possible date and for the revision of the Franco-Saar economic union. It will probably agree to a temporary special status for the Saar and it will be encouraged to be as reasonable as possible by the Federal German Government. The dream of a European kernel has been dissipated, and a fresh strain placed on Franco-German understanding. But it would be foolish to invent spectres, or to withhold sympathy and understanding from a million western Europeans who must have some right to determine their own future.—*Third Programme*

With the Soviet Leaders in India and Burma

By GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. special correspondent

MY three weeks in India and Burma, covering the Russian tour* provided, as they must have done for the Russian party too, a dazzling scrapbook of recollections. Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev have themselves provided scores of these snapshots. Smothered in flowers, wearing Boy Scouts' scarves, turbans, or Gandhi caps, hugging children, riding elephants, always ready to oblige the cameras. It has frequently been said that Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev make a perfect team, that the Marshal is the straight man and the Party Secretary the comic. This view of them accounts for much of their popularity during their visit to India and Burma, but to some of us who have been rubbing shoulders with them during the tour it seems an interpretation which could be misleading and dangerous. One of Mr. Khrushchev's most cleverly worded speeches was delivered with a comic hat on his head. He knew very well how funny it looked, but from the western point of view what he said was far from amusing.

I do not propose to repeat all the points which the two Russian leaders have made in their many speeches. By and large, there was, in fact, only one speech, with Marshal Bulganin reading a conventional, relatively subdued version of it and Mr. Khrushchev delivering it impromptu and with far greater aggressiveness. The main line of the argument was that Russia, like India and Burma, had been a backward and exploited country; that like them she had been persecuted by the West; that like them she wanted peace and hated colonialism—that in fact only Russia could really understand Asia and be her firm and faithful ally. The colonialists, it was argued, were still colonialists at heart. They might pretend to help Asia, but really they wanted to hold her down. Russia, on the other hand, respected Asia's independence and was prepared to give her all kinds of technical aid, train her specialists and intellectuals, and offer increased trade.

The five principles of coexistence were a *sine qua non* of every speech. In fairness, I suppose one should add Mr. Khrushchev's twinkling assurance that he was not trying to disseminate propaganda. But whatever he meant by propaganda, one could hardly say that his speeches were tolerant of the West. Words like 'peace' and 'colonialism', which require perhaps rather more definition than they are usually given in India but which Indians accept as needing little examination, were used in contexts which gave them an entirely pro-Russian, anti-western significance.

It might be worth while to mention the controversy which has arisen over what the Russians really said on certain occasions, particularly the remarks attributed to Mr. Khrushchev by western correspondents at Rangoon and later denied by the Soviet press. It has been suggested that the fault may have lain with the interpreters, who on all important occasions worked in English. Of the two Russian men selected for this job, one, a former correspondent of the official Soviet news agency at

the United Nations, regularly translated for Mr. Khrushchev. Mr. Khrushchev, speaking extempore, was translated into English sentence by sentence. The translations were rather clumsy, and on two occasions turned out to be positively wrong in important details, but the substance was always there. Always, there were two interpreters present, and only once did they announce a correction. After the conversation in Rangoon between Mr. Khrushchev and the Burmese Ambassador to Moscow, the western and Burmese correspondents who were taking notes sent their despatches immediately.

The Soviet version was compiled two days later as a counterblast. This version entirely omitted certain passages, and attributed others to the Burmese Ambassador. The Ambassador has since refused to comment.

What makes the affair even more extraordinary is Mr. Khrushchev's subsequent behaviour. Having invited the western correspondents to attend his next speech, he announced, not that they had misreported him, but that, as he put it, they had not been quite satisfied with his speeches. They were, he said, going to be even less satisfied with this one, and he proceeded to launch an attack on British colonial policy which was far more objectionable than the one attributed to him in Rangoon. It left correspondents even less inclined to believe they had misreported him and wondering why so much trouble had been taken to deny what was almost immediately sur-

passed.

But what will be the effect of this tour upon the Indians and Burmese and their respective Governments? In each case the decisive factor will be the lead given by their Prime Ministers, and both have repeatedly said they do not intend to abandon their policy of non-alignment. Since the Russian

tour began, Mr. Nehru has twice referred in public to the need for restraining one's language if one really wants peace, and has made impressive remarks about the value of the Commonwealth. Many Indians and Burmese of the western-educated upper class have been shocked by the use the Russian leaders have made of the platforms offered them here. At the same time, while the Indian and Burmese Governments are embarrassed by some of the speeches, they seem prepared to make allowances. One Indian official expressed to me the view that nothing should be done to upset the Russians, and that the Americans were the people who most needed restraining.

As for the common people, it would probably be wrong to attach too much importance to the enthusiasm of the crowds, and again wrong to sneer at the organised nature of their welcome. Both countries felt that after the reception Russia had given to their own Prime Ministers, they could do no less. The Indians have been flattered by the visit, and delighted to hear they have powerful new friends. Millions of Indians are now getting their first education in democratic politics, and part of this had been to teach even the tiniest child to shout: 'Indians and Russians are brothers'. Whether they will get the opportunity to shout the same of the British or Americans remains to be seen.

—From 'Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)



Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin visiting the Golden Pagoda in Rangoon on December 2

Why Experiments in European Union Failed

By WILLIAM PICKLES

IN France, where the political parties are lining up for the general election, the Catholic Democrat Party has announced that the first plank in its programme is to be 'the construction of Europe'. This follows a decision a few weeks ago, by a number of political leaders in France, Germany, and Belgium, to 're-launch the European idea'. We shall have to wait a little to discover what, if anything, that phrase means, but it is fairly certain to involve a fresh attempt to persuade Britain to join in a new search for some kind of European community. There have been three previous attempts at the same thing in the last eight years, and they have all failed. So, before we try again, it is worth looking back to see what went wrong on those occasions.

The French and the Council of Europe

The first experiment in 'Europeanism' was the setting up, in 1949, of the Council of Europe, consisting of a Consultative Assembly and a Committee of Ministers from twelve countries. When the Council first met, the British representatives, with one exception, thought of their task as being to feel their way slowly towards some kind of organisation in which European countries could find common remedies for common problems. But many of the continental members, especially the French, believed that they had taken the first step towards a European Federation, on the lines of the United States of America. They wanted to begin by turning the organs of the Council of Europe itself, as quickly as possible, into a European Government and a European Parliament.

They were soon disillusioned. The British representatives from both parties were compelled to point out that we do not invent our political institutions and so could not possibly take a sudden jump into a United States of Europe. They had to add that since we could never accept closer obligation towards Europe than the very loose ties which we have with the Commonwealth, we could probably never move into a federated Europe at all, however slowly.

I have always been firmly convinced that something like the same reasons applied to the other big countries of Europe, and again especially to France. One French Minister, a fervent believer in 'creating Europe', confessed to me that he had never succeeded in arousing any interest at all in the idea among his constituents. It was that lack of public support, I think, and the fact that France, too, had overseas connections to think of, which held her back, after all, when the critical moment came. But Britain saw the obstacles first, and that made us unpopular with the few thousand people on the continent who were really keen on the idea.

So the second experiment began. As a concession to the British preference for a practical approach, the believers in Europe decided to start with economic, rather than political, institutions. Less than a year after the first meeting of the Council of Europe, M. Schuman produced his celebrated plan for pooling the coal and steel industries of western Europe, and the second meeting of the Council of Europe broke out into a rash of similar plans for a European transport pool, an agricultural pool, and the famous—or infamous—European army.

Here, again, disappointment followed. I am one of those who have always believed that the French authors of the Schuman Plan deliberately laid down conditions which they knew would keep Britain out until they had got it going in their own way, and they made the conditions tougher still when we seemed to be drawing nearer to their viewpoint. But I think they hoped we should come, in the long run, into the Schuman coal and steel pool, and into the other schemes, too. Unfortunately, they had once more set about the job in a way which centuries of training have made us not merely unwilling to follow but incapable of following. Once again they were thinking not of things but of institutions. When they talked of steel and agricultural and transport pools, they were not interested in ways of making better steel plate, or growing more potatoes, or running more efficient railways, but only in setting up layer upon layer of committees and councils and courts and assemblies, and making rules for working them.

So Britain said 'no' again, and the third experiment started, in the autumn of 1952, without Britain. The six countries of the coal and

steel pool—France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg—went back to the idea of a United States of Europe, but this time they limited it to themselves. In six months, their legal experts drew up a constitution and an election law for their United States of Little Europe. Then their Governments hesitated. Three times they put off a decision, and the third time, early last year, they made no plans for considering the thing again. After all the warm speeches, it was cold feet that proved decisive. When France rejected the European army a few months later, the whole plan was dead.

Its place was taken by Western European Union, consisting of the six Schuman Plan countries, plus Britain as a full member. But none of the would-be 'creators of Europe' regards Western European Union as coming anywhere near their ideal, and they are right. It has enormous practical importance, because Britain's membership carries with it a promise to keep troops on the continent of Europe, and because it provides a framework for German rearmament. But it was given only two jobs to do, and it lost one of them two months ago, when the Saarlanders voted against being under a European authority.

So we are left with only a remnant of each of these experiments. The Council of Europe is a valuable meeting-place for members of parliaments, but no more. The coal and steel pool is working, but its so-called 'supranational' authority, about which Britain and France quarrelled so fiercely, in fact exercises its authority by first finding out what governments are willing to do, and then telling them to do it—like the German policeman in the Galsworthy play, who said, 'I order you to sit down and you won't; all right then, I order you to stand up'. It is, in fact, the only sensible method at this stage, but it is nothing like what the creators of the pool intended. The other pools were all stillborn, but the beautiful constitution for Little Europe is looking for someone to apply it, and there is Western European Union looking for something to do.

Why did all these experiments fail? They failed, I think, because the constructors of Europe underestimated the factors that hold European countries apart, and misjudged those that were expected to pull them together. They forgot, for instance, the different ways in which different countries look upon ideas like democracy and parliamentary government—differences so great that representatives at Strasbourg found themselves making completely contradictory assumptions about their relations with ministers, with their parliaments back home, and with each other. When the federalists tried their fresh start with economic arrangements, they discovered even deeper differences. M. Pflimlin's agricultural pool was to start with what he described as 'the four basic necessities of life—wheat, milk, meat, and wine'. Meat and wine, if you please, as basic necessities, and not a mention of fish-and-chips and tea! And when the continental Ministers eyed each other suspiciously over the text of the constitution for Little Europe, they realised that neither they nor their peoples felt like Europeans. They felt too French or too German to risk surrendering control of their defence and their standards of living to others with different ways of life.

Facing a Fact

On the other side, the common interests that were expected to overcome the differences turned out to have no special connection with Europe. In 1949, when Europe was in real danger of invasion and defeat, its statesmen turned aside from 'building Europe' to build the Atlantic Alliance and the related pacts which followed it. They had discovered that Europe is not enough, because the things that pull us together belong not only to Europe, but to half the world. Our determination to defend our liberties, our cultures, our standards of living and our ways of life—in the plural, because they are different in each case—is shared by countries stretching round the world from New Zealand to Canada, by way of Pakistan and the United States, and it is with all these countries, not only with those on the western fringe of Europe, that we are driven to make common cause. If that really is, as I believe, one of the facts of life in the world today, then we all have to face this fact, and learn to live with it.—*Home Service*

The Price of Prosperity—II

The Need to Make Work Enjoyable

By BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL

MR. CROSLAND has argued* in favour of economic expansion: I share this preoccupation, and am puzzled that he should have singled me out as representing an opposing view, since I have been engaged for over a quarter of a century in urging policies of expansion upon my countrymen and that indeed is my main occupation at the present time. At the outset I wish to make it clear how far we are on common ground; then and then only I shall address myself to some problems attending the purpose upon which we agree.

Merits of Economic Expansion

In my view, there is a strong philosophic argument in favour of economic expansion; this calls for a succession of changes over the years in our ways of doing things, in our processes. If we look at the history of Man since the Stone Age, we find that men have always been altering their processes; this, then, pertains to our species; as a believer I must conclude that we were meant to do so and therefore that it is good.

Addressing myself rapidly to the ethical problem, I regard it as right to help my fellow men towards the increasing achievement of their desires, provided these are not criminal; I regard it as wrong and indeed impertinent to assume that my fellows will necessarily misuse increased means. Men are not corrupted by the opportunity of achieving their desires; what does corrupt them is the wrongness or futility of their desires, achieved or not. Improving the order of their desires is the proper office of moral and aesthetic education, of which we have far too little. It is also important, for imitation is a trait of mankind, that those situated higher up on the ladder of incomes should set models of dignified and intelligent consumption which those creeping up to successive levels of incomes shall thereby be induced to emulate.

Having made it clear that Mr. Crosland's purpose is also my own, I can now proceed to point out some complexities of the problem. When we speak of an increase in the national living standard, we mean, in fact, an increase in the flow of goods and services accruing to private consumers. The more concerned we are with this purpose the more willing we must be to streamline our social organisation in the service of this purpose: this implies a high rate of investment, therefore a considerable volume of profits from which investment funds are drawn either directly or indirectly, and it implies also an incentive system of distribution, what the Soviets call 'socialist inequality'. By the way, we have no guarantee at all that those who thereby get most will set the most laudable patterns of consumption. In general we have no assurance at all that the streamlined shape of society most adequate to a rapid rise in the flow of goods will coincide in any way with the shape of society which subjectively we may regard as the most desirable: this is the old conflict of a century ago between the economist school and the socialist school: the latter seems to have veered to the point of view of the former.

Now let me point out that the swelling stream of goods and services is made up of items of very different kinds; this stream changes in time not only in volume but in composition; the items which multiply most are those for which there is the greatest increase in demand and which can be produced at diminishing real costs; and therefore people whose desires are addressed to such items must logically derive greater real improvements in their own situation than people with divergent tastes. The whole process is thus naturally slanted in favour of those with what I shall venture to call a median pattern of tastes, and against those with different patterns who may find it increasingly difficult to fulfil their specific pattern amidst general enrichment. This remark cannot be elaborated here; it goes a long way towards explaining a number of discontents.

Going on to another point, it is obviously impossible that the economic apparatus should cater solely to the subjective wants of individuals and family groups. There are collective needs of society which grow with its complexity. In the distant past only a few of these were attended to by the state and far more by the Church, which was the

main agent of education, the benefactor of the poor, and the patron of the arts. Some of these ancient functions had been taken up to some degree by rich people and the foundations they endowed. The levelling of incomes calls for more and more bodies to take up such functions, bodies which I, for one, should like to see as numerous and as autonomous as possible. Whatever position one takes up in this respect, no one can deny that many achievements are desirable and necessary over and above the satisfaction of individual consumers.

Let us look more sharply at the increasing flow of goods and services provided to private consumers. It is attended by an increasing flow of undesirable by-products, such as smoke, noise, smell, and general ugliness. While it does not seem rational to condemn economic progress off-hand because it is attended by these nuisances, neither does it seem rational merely to shrug them off as the reverse side of a medal of which we prefer only to see the face. These nuisances are to be taken into account, to be arrayed on the debit side: we have begun to do so. The time was when roads ran right through villages and towns, and the increasing flow of cars deprived the inhabitants of the use of their streets and market places for neighbourly relations; we now understand that such losses should be made good by the building of by-passes, however costly. This principle must be increasingly applied. Social costs must be charged. Admittedly it is difficult to make a quantitative assessment of nuisances as against consumer goods and services. But economic calculus consists in submitting units of a different kind to a common arithmetic, and this always implies conventional valuations. Indeed, our courts find it possible to assess the payments due to a film star whose face has been scarred. It is admittedly more difficult but surely no less important to assess the scars inflicted on the face of the country.

While the foregoing points seem to me important—if not I would not have raised them—they pale in presence of the problem we now come to. What is currently called the increase in the standard of living in fact boils down to an increase in shopping power. Last year John Smith exhausted his income in buying a certain collection of goods and services; this year he can buy the identical collection and then finds himself with some more income enabling him to buy something more. If that occurs, we say that John Smith's standard of living has increased. This view implies that we consider John Smith only as a consumer; we dismember the man John Smith and attend to him as a consumer, or, rather, leader of a small consuming group. Now let us call him John in that capacity, and Smith in his capacity as a producer.

The Buyer and the Earner

We have found that John the buyer is better off; but we must also consider Smith the worker, the earner; that we must consider the man under this aspect is easily proved. Let us assume that the increase in John's shopping power has been accomplished while Smith increased his hours of work. We shall need to take this into account, nor can we simply ask whether his shopping power has increased more than proportionately to the increase in his working hours. I submit that we shall doubt whether John Smith's over-all position has been improved if his hours of work have increased from forty-five to sixty, even if his earnings have increased by more than one-third, while we shall not doubt that his position has improved if his hours of work have risen from thirty to forty, even if his earnings have increased by somewhat less than one-third. In short we refer to a normal pattern of living.

My case is a very simple one: we must consider our fellow men as integrated human beings, we may not merely think of them as consumers who should be gratified to get more, we must also think of the incommodities inflicted upon them in the process of achieving greater production. These incommodities do not in fact take the form of a longer working week, but they may well take the form of unpleasant changes in the mode, place, or nature of their activity. Commuting to a more distant place of work is a cost to the workers in terms of hours and fatigue; passing from independent into salaried employment is a loss of status and freedom. It may be argued that in

a free country, the very fact that Smith has shifted is in itself proof that he regards his new position as, on the whole, preferable to the old one; but that is true only if he had the choice of retaining his previous mode of activity on the same conditions as before. And it is well known that economic progress works not only by creating new and more attractive positions but also by making the older position untenable.

Cherishing Independence

My attention is forcibly drawn to this problem as a Frenchman. Some two-fifths of our total labour force work at home as independent producers or family helpers of the former. It is beyond doubt that our over-all achievement would be improved if a considerable fraction of those people shifted into larger establishments as wage or salary earners, and in a great many cases the family income would itself be improved. But these people cherish their independence and hold on. Indeed, the Poujade movement is a manifestation of this resistance: its supporters resent their taxes mainly because they are in a marginal position: tax evasion alone permits them to achieve a living in their present position, to which they cling.

I feel no doubt that these people must submit to the economic pressure which tends to drive them into other positions where they will contribute more to the national product. Without question, the basic condition for a steady increase in the flow of goods is that there should occur successive shifts in the factors of production from less efficient to more efficient employment. It is on purpose that I have made use of the abstract wording: 'factors of production'; when we think solely of the end-product, the flow of goods, we are thereby led to regard workers as mere factors of production: they are, however, men and women. If we cannot support their plea to continue as they are, we must at least concern ourselves with making their new employment as attractive as possible.

It is something of a mystery that the chronic resentment of workers has not been perceptibly allayed by the superb achievement of our times, in terms of the increase of goods and services accruing per worker, in terms of the decrease in the duration and painfulness of work. Add to these benefits the great edifice of guarantees against the hazards of life, and any observer must grant that the conditions of workers has immensely improved and continues to do so. Yet the resentment is there, and although it now takes the form of anti-capitalism I would wager that the complete extinction of capitalists would not dispel it. It may well be owing to the fact that concentration upon the satisfaction of the consumers leads us, whatever the form of society, whether its institutions be capitalist or socialist, to place too little emphasis upon the happiness of workers in their capacity of workers.

The Johns, the consumers, are to be satisfied as fully as possible: and the Smiths, the producers, are regarded as their servants. This stands in stark contrast to the views of the earlier socialists: they pictured a society of workers, happy and contented as workers, not, as we do, a society of consumers, increasingly provided for as consumers but discontented with their work. The latter and later view owes much to the drawing-room philosophy of the eighteenth century which regarded leisure as aristocratic, work as menial. Undoubtedly this view has well served the science of economics; it provides its very foundation: hours of work are means to an end, the flow of goods, and we can therefore apply the principle of least action: the more goods we obtain from a given input of work the better, the less hours we must put in to obtain a given production the better. We cannot in economics do without this mode of thought.

But it cannot serve us equally well in our sociological preoccupations. There is no doubt that man needs and enjoys activity just as he needs and enjoys goods. While the supply of goods is small and the attendant labour great, there is no question but that it is desirable to get more goods and to give less labour. But it is commonly granted that the greater the supply of goods to an individual, the less the satisfaction he derives from the subsequent addition. And also one might well admit that the shorter the working week, the less the desirability of shortening it further. Another preoccupation may then loom: that man should be happy in his work.

I regard it as desirable that men should enjoy an ever-increasing flow of goods; I am far more doubtful about the successive reduction in hours of work. When prophets of the future speak of a thirty-two hour week, to be followed in time by a twenty-four hour week, I wonder whether they are not missing the main point. No man can desire the reduction of his working week to thirty-two and then to

twenty-four hours unless he dislikes his work. No scientist will take kindly to the suggestion that he may spend only thirty-two and then twenty-four hours in his laboratory. This then points out to us what I regard as the real problem of the future: to make work enjoyable. Would that not be a greater contribution to man's happiness than to whittle down the hours? In fact this whittling down is called for only because work is not enjoyed, and no man can be called happy who is not happy in his work.

Man is the most active of all creatures: consider the explosive activity of children; also man enjoys purposeful activity, and the games of children as well as of adults are goal-directed. A normal adult is active for about 100 hours per week. It is for him a vital necessity that a great deal of this activity should be unhampered, let off in many forms. We think of this as relaxation but in fact it is a desirable dispersion of activity, conducive to health and balance. I feel convinced, however, that it is equally necessary for health and balance that an individual should have a main activity to which a reasonable portion of his time is devoted: as I do not believe in the happiness of human drones, I do not believe that it is to our advantage to be placed in that position for three-fourths or even two-thirds of our available time. There is no doubt, however, that this is at present desired: and this we should take as a sign that the nature of the work demanded of most of us is not what it should be to make our life an integrated and satisfying whole.

I call upon all those who, like me, have the privilege of doing work to which they are devoted. Do we not cherish this boon? Do we not regard the goods accruing to us as means of fitting ourselves and our children for work of this kind? Do we not then, in fact, reverse the accepted relationship between goods and work, making the goods means and the activity the end which they serve? As this is a cardinal element in our contentment, should we not desire it also for an ever-increasing number of our fellow men?

Let me give no occasion for misunderstanding. I think we should, as now, concentrate upon increasing the flow of goods and therefore concentrate upon increasing the adequate equipment. But I think we should have in mind that as our capacity to turn out goods increases, interest in further increases of goods should progressively give way to interest in offering to our fellows tasks which they may enjoy. Such enjoyment is not solely a function of the nature of the task but also of the attitude of the man. This is a great subject which I cannot dwell upon. Let me merely say that our problem is not solely economic, that we are faced also with the dismemberment, the disintegration of man, and that we must increasingly concern ourselves with his reintegration.

—Third Programme

'Air fares must go on getting lower if air travel is to expand', said D. M. DESOUTTER, assistant editor of *Aeronautics*, in a talk in 'At Home and Abroad'. 'This has already been shown to be true, and as a matter of fact air fares *have* been getting lower in recent years, although sometimes it is not very noticeable. An important factor is that the big scheduled airlines—B.O.A.C., and Pan-American, Air France, K.L.M. and so on—act together in the matter of fares through the International Air Transport Association. This body, normally known as Iata, does many useful things besides fixing fares. But as far as fares are concerned, Iata acts with the backing of the governments concerned. It is not a government organisation; it is an international commercial association which governments have authorised to put into effect the principle that international air fares should not be the subject of fierce undercutting, but should be regulated by compromise.'

'North American Airlines, the company which has put forward a proposal for regular New York to London flights for £50, is not a member of Iata and has not agreed to conform to the standard fares. But there may be another barrier standing in its way. By American law it cannot begin this service without a licence from the United States Government which has always supported the Iata fare-fixing idea. Moreover, there is a reciprocal agreement between the British and American Governments concerning what air services each may fly into the other's country. It might well be that our own Government, which also considers the Iata arrangement a valuable one, would not allow a price-cutting service to fly into Britain in competition with B.O.A.C. If it did, at least one British airline has already said that it would welcome the chance to put on a very cheap service of its own. Whether or not this particular project is successful, I would say it must have the effect of speeding the arrival of the day when the £50 Atlantic fare is a reality'.

Is an Expenditure Tax Feasible?

By SIR ARNOLD PLANT

EVERY new scheme of tax reform is likely to be misunderstood, and I am sure that the somewhat complicated plan which Mr. Nicholas Kaldor has devised*, and has now expounded with great ingenuity, will be no exception. I must therefore explain it in some detail.

His expenditure tax would have nothing to do with possible reforms of the purchase tax, either for making it more complicated or for replacing it by a sales tax levied at a fixed rate on all commodities. It does not relate to excise duties, such as those on beer or tobacco, or to entertainment tax. It is clear that no feasible modifications of these duties would meet Mr. Kaldor's purpose. These taxes are never more than proportionate to the amount each person spends on each class of goods; and to Mr. Kaldor's way of looking at things, proportionate taxes are regressive, bearing more heavily on the poor than on the rich, as compared with the present progressive taxes on income, which also leave him unsatisfied. Nor would Mr. Kaldor be content with modifications in the income tax designed to raise the rate of taxation on spending by exempting particular forms of saving not provided for at present, since these would not catch spending out of capital or capital gains. Mr. Kaldor attaches great importance to doing that.

Student versus the Expert

The expenditure tax is rather, in its full-blooded form, a tax to be substituted for income tax: a progressive annual tax on the total personal expenditure of every taxpayer, so devised as to exempt savings from tax. Hitherto any economists who have considered such a scheme have dismissed it on grounds of administrative impracticability. The veteran Cambridge economist Professor Pigou, whose analytical subtlety at least rivals that of Mr. Kaldor, was content a generation ago to accept the opinion of experienced administrators that the loopholes it would leave open to the dishonest would be unstoppable without vast bother and expense. 'On a matter of this kind', he wrote, 'an academic student is not in a position to enter into a controversy with practical experts'. Mr. Kaldor, fortified by an American proposal published during the war by the eminent economist, the late Irving Fisher, has not allowed himself to be deterred, despite the important differences between the American system of income tax and our own, and despite, also, Fisher's failure to convince the American authorities of the merits of his plan.

Under Mr. Kaldor's plan, every taxpayer would have to submit an annual return which would disclose his total spending. He would have to state his holdings of cash and his bank balances at the beginning and end of each year, his total receipts and payments during the year, and make a list of his purchases and sales of investments, including houses and other durable assets. After certain adjustments, the expenditure chargeable to the new progressive tax would then emerge.

There are some knotty problems already. Part of the idea is to exempt savings from tax: but expenditure on durable goods includes an element of saving, dependent on their useful life. Throughout this period they provide a flow of income in kind. Should they be exempted, or taxed? For houses, Mr. Kaldor would follow income tax practice, exempting the capital expenditure from tax and substituting a notional annual value which would be taxed. Should not a similar system be applied to other very durable goods, such as furniture, or cooking and heating stoves, which are normally bought and replaced at rare intervals?

A sharply progressive expenditure tax on the total amount spent in each year would bear heavily on a young couple in the year in which they first set up house. Mr. Kaldor would prefer one fixed spread-over period, to be substituted at the taxpayer's option, for all durable equipment other than houses. He considers a five-year period would be reasonably generous. New furniture, new kitchen stoves, every five years? I wonder what Mrs. Kaldor thinks of that?

There is another category of capital expenditure—on jewellery, pictures, and antiques, acquired and treasured as fairly permanent 'stores of value', which incidentally yield a 'psychic' flow of income

to their owner; these would be exempt from tax and an annual charge substituted, assessing the enjoyment at five per cent. of the value. The spectre of masses of paper-work rears its ugly head. Mr. Kaldor's cautious mind foresees special problems about gifts, which should logically be exempt from spending tax: dishonest evaders with high annual expenditures might make gifts to low-spending confederates who would, for a consideration, quietly return them to the donor, thus enabling him to avoid part of the steeply progressive spending tax. Mr. Kaldor would therefore disallow gifts and transfers of property *inter vivos* and treat them as sales by the donors and income accruing to the recipients, except in such cases as payments to aged relatives, pensions to retired servants, and alimony.

Counting Children as Halves

The needs of taxpayers differ. The attainment of a given standard of living involves differing amounts of personal expenditure by taxpayers in differing individual circumstances. Allowances would be made accordingly, following the precedents of income-tax. The varying number of persons in the family unit is an obvious case. Mr. Kaldor would make the tax vary with expenditure per head. Children might count as a half. There would also be special allowances for involuntary expenditure incurred through illness, accident, or damage to property, and burglary.

Although the new tax would take the place of the existing income tax and surtax on personal incomes, Mr. Kaldor readily admits that it would be a much more complicated system. He justifies it on the grounds, *inter alia*, that it would exempt savings from tax, and catch spending from realised capital gains and from dis-saving of capital. He contends, also, that the administrative burden would be reduced by not requiring the revenue officials to check every return, but allowing them to use the statements submitted for a system of spot-checking, undertaken only as frequently and widely as efficient administration required. That, I fear, would be cold comfort for the public who had to make the returns.

The introduction of the new tax would give rise to serious transitional problems. The mere announcement of it would precipitate widespread withdrawals of bank balances and hoarding of undeclared currency, unless the Government at once took powers to obtain retrospective statements of such transactions from the banks. Hard cases would need special treatment: for example, retired persons would be taxed twice on their savings, first under the existing income tax while they saved for their old age and later under the new expenditure tax when they would be taxed on their spending. Mr. Kaldor's way out would be a higher exemption limit for such persons under the new tax.

Small-scale Experiment—Not a Bomb

At this stage, I fear I have a disappointment for some people, though others perhaps will welcome what follows with considerable relief. Having designed his atom-bomb, Mr. Kaldor is not prepared to advocate the construction of a full-size prototype and setting it off. As we all know, perhaps too well, the present tax system does succeed in abstracting a great deal of revenue from some 15,000,000 taxpayers. He considers it would be out of the question to contemplate replacing the present tax completely by the new one in a single operation. Instead he proposes a relatively small-scale experiment, to gain experience without the risk of irreparable damage. His plan is to replace the present surtax by an expenditure tax, whilst retaining the present system for normal income tax. It is as ingenious as at first blush it is modest; for it would enable him to obtain those changes on which he places greatest store.

The machinery for assessment and collection of surtax is, in fact, separate from that for income tax, and the change of basis for the one need not disturb the other. Moreover, as the yield of surtax is relatively small, a mere £130,000,000 or so, there would be a greatly reduced risk of serious loss to the Exchequer arising from a failure to operate the new tax effectively in the experimental period. Not, by

the way, that Mr. Kaldor would be content to leave income tax as it is: he wants to introduce a new complication by charging income tax on all realised capital gains. This would substitute in part for the existing tax on undistributed profits. But that particular upheaval might well be engineered as a separate operation. The limited scheme to replace surtax would follow the same lines as those I have already described. Returns would be required of all existing surtax payers, and there are over 300,000 of them.

Disguising the Rates of Taxation

But Mr. Kaldor is somewhat afraid that even his small-scale bomb might also prove too dangerous. As the expenditure tax would cover all spending, including that financed out of capital, a combined income and expenditure tax of 17s. in the £ would, he would hope, represent a great increase in the real tax burden at the top end of the scale, as compared with the present top limit for income and surtax of 19s. He fears that many of the 'have-nots' would not understand this, but would press for even higher rates, which would be disastrous. He would therefore disguise the rates by expressing them as percentages of the net amount of expenditure after tax, instead of the gross amount before tax. A top rate of 17s. in the £ would thus be shown as one of 266½ per cent. on the net expenditure, which surely looks sadistic enough to satisfy anyone.

Continuing in the same apprehensive vein, Mr. Kaldor concludes his proposal with a plea for moderation. He fears that too severe a curtailment of spending by the wealthy would cause hardship in the luxury trades (this is a somewhat surprising anxiety, in view of prevailing conditions of over-full employment), but he wishes to guard against widespread sympathetic opposition to his plan from those who would be shocked at the sudden collapse of the former living standards of those who live largely on capital. Moderation to Mr. Kaldor means a progressive expenditure tax, in addition to income tax, which would exempt the first £750 of net expenditure per head, would start there at 25 per cent., and would rise to a maximum of 300 per cent., where the net expenditure was in excess of £5,000.

What this would mean can be illustrated by one example. At the moment a bachelor who spends £2,000 out of income requires, in order to do it, a total income of £3,340, out of which he pays £1,340 in tax, including surtax of £170. Under the new system he would pay £687 10s. expenditure tax instead of £170 surtax—over £500 more. To find that money he would have to earn a much bigger gross income, and consequently pay more income tax as well, if he persisted in spending £2,000 and still kept out of the bankruptcy court. That is the meaning of 'moderation' in Mr. Kaldor's vocabulary.

In presenting his scheme, in a closely reasoned book of less than 250 pages, Mr. Kaldor explains that it was first prepared for the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Profits and Income, whose final report was published last June, and of which he was a member. It was, however, decided, and it was a decision which he does not question, that the consideration of an expenditure tax fell outside the scope of the commission's terms of reference. He has therefore pursued his subject independently. I am inclined to think that was a pity. It would have been better if the scheme had been argued about and reported on by the commission, with the help of revenue officials. Mr. Kaldor was one of three members of the commission who signed a Minority Memorandum of Dissent relating to income tax and company taxation, and he regards his proposals for an expenditure tax as complementary to the minority dissent and not as alternatives.

Part of the case for substituting an expenditure tax rests on the contention that an income tax discriminates unduly against personal saving in favour of spending. It is a question on which leading economists have long been divided. In my view, Mr. Kaldor's discussions will not convince all his opponents. He did not persuade the other economist members of the commission. I should remind you of the conclusion of the Royal Commission on this subject. They said:

If life assurance relief and the relief for national insurance contributions are retained, and if superannuation relief is developed to what we regard as its logical conclusion, we think that the tax system will be making as much concession to savings as it is reasonable or proper that it should. However desirable for economic reasons the encouragement should lie outside the sphere of the income-tax system...

The main purpose of the new tax, however, is to deter spending out of capital. I suspect that many people will ask why they should not do so, if and when they wish? As Mr. Kaldor looks at things,

the central purpose of progressive taxation is to bring into being an egalitarian society, and he prefers a progressive expenditure tax because it would prevent the rich from assisting the process by consuming some of their capital themselves. That, to him, would be 'socially costly and undesirable'.

On this central issue a sharp difference of opinion is inevitable, because of fundamentally different ideas concerning the main purpose of taxation. One group believes that we pay taxes to finance activities, including the provision of social services, which we consider are most economically and efficiently undertaken by the state; and that the criterion for deciding how the tax burden should be distributed is to choose the taxes which interfere least, on an overall view, with the private lives and individual aspirations of the citizens. Many of these people, I believe, are persuaded that progression is already being carried too far, in the sense that it not merely imposes an oppressive burden on those who pay at the higher rates, but also that by so doing it is damaging the economy as a whole and making the lot of even the poorer sections worse than it need be. The other side looks upon the tax instrument as a major weapon for bringing all members of the state nearer and nearer to a common level, not once for all but constantly reversing new disparities which emerge as some members progress and others decline. The most extreme would go so far as to prefer to live in an egalitarian society even at the cost of everyone being poorer.

Why, one may ask, should it be thought to be 'socially costly' for people to spend capital in their endeavour to keep up their standard of living in the face of high taxation? How significant an influence can such behaviour have, for evil or for good, on the economy as a whole? Mr. Kaldor admits that there are absolutely no data on which to base even an intelligent guess as to the extent of dis-saving. Nevertheless, confining himself to the 20,000 most wealthy individuals, whose income after tax he puts at £50,000,000 to £80,000,000, he believes that they are spending at three to four times that rate. Suppose his hunch were right; their aggregate spending would still amount to less than three per cent. of the aggregate consumers' expenditure for the whole country. If we descend the scale to include all the 310,000 surtax payers, their aggregate personal incomes after tax are only six per cent. of total personal incomes. Is it reasonable to believe that 'over-spending' by some of them can have so appreciable an effect on the stability of the economy as to justify the hazardous experiment of introducing a still more progressive tax on all their expenditure, involving great administrative complexity, in order to reduce it?

Inflation as a Spur to Spending

I suggest that if, since the war, the wealthy find themselves spending more than they would prefer to do, if conditions were different, the root cause is more fundamental than can be corrected by the manipulation of taxes on income and spending. It is that, on top of the high progressive income tax and crippling death duties which have for many years been steadily and rapidly reducing the number of large estates, it is the persistent fall in the purchasing power of the £ and of sterling assets, as a result of continuing inflation, that has made earlier rather than later spending a matter of mere prudence. The rich are not alone if they prefer more goods for their money today to fewer goods for the same money next year, and still fewer as far ahead as they can see.

My own view is that it is unlikely that Mr. Kaldor's tax would do anything to stem the inflationary tide. Serious consideration of the proposal might indeed swell the tide. In their discussion of saving, the Royal Commission said in their final report, with regard to inflation, 'any discussion... is a mere deployment of words unless it can take as its basis the assumption that a reasonable stability in the purchasing power of money is a fixed canon of public policy'.

—Third Programme

Three books dealing with science in relation to the human situation have recently been published. They are *The Modern Predicament* by H. J. Paton, Emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford (Allen and Unwin, 30s.), being a study in the philosophy of religion, based on the Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of St. Andrews; *Modern Science and Christian Beliefs*, by Canon Arthur F. Smethurst (Nisbet, 21s.); and *Mysteries of Science*, a study of the limitations of the scientific method by John Rowland (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d.). All three books bring out in one way or another the inadequacy of science by itself as a guide to living.

Private Report—I

Après la Guerre

The first of five new talks by DONALD BOYD

IN September 1914, the Royal Army Medical Corps depot said that the Corps had more men than it could deal with, and didn't want us. We had gone there because of the pacifist idea that it was wrong to fight. The pacifist principle did not stand up under the strain and we went to the Territorial Howitzer Battery and got our shillings and slept upon straw.

There were all sorts of men in that battery. But a great many of them were countrymen—young farmers, wagoners, smart-stepping butchers, coachmen, gamekeepers, farm labourers. The battery was horse-drawn, and so a great many of its men earned their living with horses. Soon the recruits were allotted. The big boys became gunners, the small ones were put to be trained as drivers. Each driver had a gunner presented to him to help groom his pair of horses and clean harness and muck out. The gunner became the driver's labourer. My driver had a long face—he looked like an innocent horse. Trying to ingratiate myself with him I offered him a cigarette of the ten-for-threepenny quality. He always smoked ten for tuppennies. He looked at it doubtfully for a moment, tucked it away in his cap and said 'Aye, I smoak 'em when A go to a ball or owt o that soart'. A mixed lot, and it would be difficult to say what they thought exactly about so big a matter as a war. Yet I do believe I can speak about their feelings—about their feelings towards the world they found waiting for them *après la guerre*.

Disappearing Glory

A good many young men set out for the first world war with intimations of glory; but as the months added, the glory disappeared. In the end, the front-line soldiers were more sympathetic to all men in the front line, including their enemies, than to the civilians at home. Perhaps this was a sentiment rather than a thought. But a good many thought it, too. The Germans had endured what we had endured, and even more at times. We had seen them, dirty grey bundles, cold and useless, who had been young men, fit for nothing now but to be buried. Bodies crawling out of craters, sometimes clutching in waxy fingers the usual photographs, the usual letters. We and they were equally enslaved by an infernal machine. The war itself was the enemy; the enemy of all the soldiers. It went on by its own momentum; it was too horrible and too big for its purpose and it wasn't getting anywhere. Hardly anybody who had spent a couple of years in it wanted it to go on; and who required it, and why, nobody knew.

But it was being run, and it must be the people at home on both sides who were running it. Not mum and dad, of course, but people vaguely called civilians; or, less vaguely, politicians. The people at home didn't understand and you couldn't tell them. You didn't really want to tell them. You might try at times. Once you started you might go on too long, tell too much and upset people you loved. Sometimes a comparative stranger, by a silly remark, would tempt you to a comment and you could see him start back in alarm at your reply. If you tried to explain in public, the authorities shut you up pretty quick. Roughly speaking, the war correspondents never got near the truth in what they were able to print, and nothing made the troops laugh so much as their messages.

But they did not laugh over the strikes at home, or munition workers' pay, while they were at the front on eight or nine shillings a week. They had an uneasy feeling that they didn't know what was going on at home. They didn't laugh over the civilian man's opportunities of fun with the girls while leave came round only about once a year; and though leave seemed to be the one thing you wanted, when you did get back home you felt like a stranger, and as though your only real place was among the men in the front line—the real men—the lost men.

When the armistice was signed on November 11 there was one general idea in the army: everybody wanted to be out of it and to have nothing more to do with the war or any part of it. Certainly this could not be true of every single person; but it was a very strong feeling. The practical application of it was that everyone wanted to go back to his old job, if he had one, or, if he hadn't, to get one as

quickly as possible. Nobody really expected to be treated as a hero, but everybody did hope to have preference over a civilian. There was much fear of the munitions workers, and men even believed that they would have liked the war to go on.

The Government of the day then produced the swindling election of December 1918. No doubt it was expedient; but that is irrelevant. The army was still overseas, and permitted to vote by proxy; but the things it wanted were not on the bill of sale.

I call it a swindle because it was done before there could be any articulate declaration of the decent things most of us did want. You might believe the people at home—the politicians particularly—didn't understand the attitude of the army. Or, if they did, they were determined to prevent our views from being expressed. There was an opportunity during those months for politicians of goodwill to make a clean sweep of all the war-mongering. The men were sick of it. But there was corruption at home. I don't mean that the politicians were taking money bribes. You can be corrupted by other things, even by having your own way. I suppose Wilson with his 'no annexations, no indemnities', came nearest to the soldiers' ideas. But it was too late. And, anyway, he was American. The sentiments of the fighting men, which had never been expressed politically, were by this time submerged in the ignoble political manoeuvring of the 'twenties. But they didn't sink without trace: they contributed to the bitterness of the next twenty years.

The blunder which was as plain as any pikestaff to the soldiers was the arrangement for release. We were to be released on a system of priorities, according to the needs of the state. It was a piece of silliness, perfect in the book, but outrageous. Two raw boys who had been donkey-engine attendants at a pit-head got to the battery a few months before the Armistice. But they were rated as miners and expected to be released long before men of thirty and forty who were Territorials before the war and had been out since early 1915—and they were. The boys were right, according to their lights, of course; they believed it wasn't their war. It belonged to us—why should they bother?

It was not until June, seven months after the Armistice, that my battery sold its horses and mules in Lillers and came back. They had done with it at last. At home they separated to their jobs or to hunt for jobs, many not desiring or expecting to meet again.

The song declared that 'Old soldiers never die, they simply fade away'. I don't know how many wars old the idea is. Old Caspar probably knew what it meant. It seems to promise a reward for old soldiers. Mortality shall not touch them as it touches ordinary men; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them; they are not to be different in kind from the lads who will never grow old; they will fade away, painlessly.

'Old Soldiers Fade Away'

But you can take it another way. Perhaps it means that the old soldiers want to fade away; to fade into the invisibility of civilian life. They don't want to be peculiar or different from anybody else. They want to be no more than butchers, teamsters, clerks, stockbrokers, reporters, solicitors, cotton merchants, bus drivers. I think this is really true. It is what they wanted, and on the whole they succeeded.

One of the solicitors married early and settled down to make a career. No more cakes and ale for him, then. Now he has a large family and doesn't care to work too much. 'Why should I?' he says. 'If you make a lot of money they only take it away. No, damn it, I say'. A stockbroker, one of the most inarticulate men I knew, then, set himself additionally to become an after-dinner speaker, and now has a reputation at city companies. I have seen him perform. From the front, admirable, but his back is agonised: his short round fingers crumble a frightful piece of paper. The man is an artist in his way. Another, one of the bravest men I know, has turned his retirement into a clock-watching routine and tastes the hours and their duties with satisfaction, finding a dismal sort of poetry in the passage of time.

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Those Who Came Back

WE publish today the first of a series of talks by Mr. Donald Boyd. Listeners may recall the talks he gave earlier in the year (they also appeared in our columns) on some of the changes he had seen in the world since his youth. In the present series Mr. Boyd speaks of the 1914-1918 war, of some of the men with whom he served, and of what he believes to have been a lack of understanding between fighting men and civilians. Of the particular veterans he has in mind few are now under sixty and most are still at work. 'I don't think we could be picked out from a crowd', he concludes, 'either from appearance, or habits, or opinions; we have faded away successfully and the difficulties of those first years after 1918 have been submerged. Few would be able to put into words what they felt then; but it has not been quite forgotten'. So much has happened since those days, so many changes have occurred in our manner of living and in what is known as the climate of opinion, that it would be surprising indeed if the thoughts and feelings of those who came back to civilian life in 1919 counted for a great deal in the public consciousness of 1955. Even for the survivors themselves detailed memories are dim. As Mr. Boyd says, the medals come out for Remembrance Day and for this or that reunion, but the conversations are as much about today as about the day before yesterday. That is true and, if only for the sake of others present, it is as well that it should be so. Anyone who has tried to interest the young—even their own children—in stories of battles long ago or in the way people thought, felt, and behaved, thirty or forty years back must have come to realise that the art of story telling needs more than the recounting of personal reminiscences to command success.

Yet, despite all the changes there have been and all the desire there was and still is to have done with war, the mark those years made on the men—and women—who experienced them is not for effacing. It is a mark that inhabits the inward recesses and manifests itself not at all save to its owner and then only on occasion. The laughter rings round and the joy of living needs no questioning; but a word or a gesture will serve to blur the context and perhaps revive the wonderment that in the winter, say, of 1955 one is still alive. Incredible thought! Yet it need not detain one, still less the neighbours. All that is over and done with; it has as much, or as little, significance as history. But for those who went through it and lived to witness the aftermath, even in the way of history it was something rather special.

Was the experience reflected for those who fought in Hitler's war? There were scarcely the 'intimations of glory' (Mr. Boyd's phrase) at the outset, and the gap between soldier and civilian was nowhere near so wide. In terms of the aftermath, the coming of the welfare state had more to offer for most than did the anxious 'twenties. For these and doubtless other reasons *après la guerre* was somewhat different this time. But underlying it all the desire to fade away can hardly be less strong. Today most people are, in one way or another, old soldiers; perhaps for that very reason they have a livelier appreciation of the comparative freedoms of civilian life. At all events they take to it or seem to. Yet however close the bonds imposed by modern war between soldier and civilian, for the man who has fought on the field of battle—or on the sea or in the air—and has come back, the story can never be resumed where it left off. Life, however pleasant, can never in his time be quite the same again.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Khrushchev

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the Prime Minister's visit to the United States in the New Year was welcomed by many western commentators. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

Such a conference has become an obvious necessity to lay the groundwork for western political, military, and economic strategy in meeting Soviet Russia's open resumption of the cold war in word and deed. In any case it is realised both here and in Britain that the only way of raising hopes and minimising risks is to meet the new Soviet campaign with complete Anglo-American unity in aims and methods. Such solidarity may not change Soviet policy, but at least it will frustrate Soviet efforts to split the West and to force individual nations into progressive surrender. In this new campaign, the Soviets have modified the Stalin policy by pushing into the foreground as exponents of their policy both their own satellites and the so-called uncommitted nations, and by pairing threat and intimidation with the blandishments of military and economic aid to nations still unaware of the price that will be required of them. It will take sound western strategy to meet this new combination. The Eden visit should bring the beginning of it.

Western commentators also gave much discussion to another forthcoming visit—that of the Soviet leaders to Britain next spring. Some thought that the invitation ought to be withdrawn after Mr. Khrushchev's abusive attacks on Britain during his Asian tour; others felt this would be a mistake, and that the visit might have an educative effect on Soviet leaders. From Australia, *The Melbourne Herald* was quoted as saying that, despite the Soviet leaders' 'grossly inaccurate speeches' in India and Burma:

It would be more effective for the long-suffering British to suppress their irritation and use the secret weapons of tolerance and sense of humour, which have deflated many a venomous orator in the past. The possibility of hearing Bulganin and Khrushchev attacking British imperialist warmongers in Hyde Park is surely too good to miss.

The *Chicago Tribune* was quoted as saying:

We have never been sympathetic to colonial rule, but we should think that even Khrushchev would appreciate the fact that Russia is not exactly the most appropriate authority to lecture on the evils of colonialism. In the last fifteen years the Russian Communists have made one territorial grab after another, so that the most widespread and repressive system of colonialism now in existence is that of the Soviet Union itself. Moscow's sway over once independent countries is generally exercised through traitorous Communists of these same countries, but the pretence that these puppet regimes are nationalist and independent governments is a patent fake, so obvious as hardly to warrant mention. . . . When the Kremlin takes off the fetters and turns loose Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Bulgaria, and Rumania . . . then it will be ample time for Russia to think about visiting recriminations upon the colonial powers.

In India, the *Hindustan Times* was quoted as saying it could not too strongly deplore Mr. Khrushchev's intemperate behaviour during his Asian tour, which must give cause for anxiety to all well-wishers of peace. *The Times of India* criticised Mr. Khrushchev for his attacks on Britain, whose hospitality he was shortly to enjoy. Moscow, added the newspaper, had yet to understand that in no circumstances would independent Asian nations deteriorate into cheap, unprincipled, anti-western agitators. Radio Pakistan, as well as a Pakistan Foreign Office spokesman, severely criticised Mr. Bulganin for describing Kashmir as part of India:

It is extraordinary that while the dispute regarding Kashmir is still before the Security Council, the Prime Minister of a country which is a member of the Council should appear to be taking sides.

In a speech in the capital of Kashmir on December 10, Mr. Khrushchev, referring to the Pakistan protest against the Soviet visit to Kashmir, stated:

No one is going to tell us where we will go, and what for, and which kind of friends we will choose.

He then attacked Pakistan for joining the Baghdad Pact, which, he said, 'will burst like a soap bubble'. Mr. Khrushchev claimed that the people of Kashmir had already decided that Kashmir was 'one of the States of the Republic of India'. From Pakistan, the Moslem League paper, *Dawn*, was quoted as saying:

Let these Kremlin Reds, whose very profession of peaceful intentions and solicitude for the down-trodden sections of mankind is false and hypocritical, know that Pakistan will not be brow-beaten.

Did You Hear That?

WHALE IN THE PERFUME

'I suppose there is nothing that comes from the sea which has such an aura of mystery about it as ambergris', said FRANK LANE in a Home Service talk. 'There is certainly nothing distinguished in its appearance. It is a dull-looking, waxy substance, varying in colour from a near-white to almost black. Yet for centuries it has been highly prized.'

'Sperm whales live largely on squids. Squids have hard, parrot-like beaks and it seems that sometimes these give the whale a bout of indigestion. And somehow out of the indigestion comes the ambergris. Thus the two most valuable products of the sea—pearls and ambergris—are both caused by indigestion, or internal irritation.'

'Other whales also eat squids but only the sperm has the ambergris. The latest theory, which has been put forward by Robert Clarke, of the National Institute of Oceanography, is that ambergris is formed by faeces impacted round the indigestible material. Clarke adds the interesting suggestion that: "It may be possible to produce ambergris in the laboratory by incubating sperm whale faeces in suitable conditions". And this year a firm of chemists has announced that they have made a synthetic ambergris which, they claim, will be a great boon to perfumiers.'

Herman Melville, in his great novel on the sperm whale and its hunters, *Moby Dick*, says that Turks carried ambergris to Mecca as Christians took frankincense to Rome. Ambergris was often included in the sumptuous presents which oriental potentates gave each other. One such present lists, besides ambergris, "ten eunuchs, twelve camels, one giraffe", etc.—and in the values of those days an ounce of ambergris was worth more than a eunuch or a camel.

'Although the chief use of ambergris is in high-grade perfumes it has been used for quite different purposes, especially in past centuries. Turks and Persians used it in their sherbet, and the Arabs in their coffee. In the Middle Ages kings and princes spiced their wines with it. And even today it is sometimes used for this purpose in the East, and also as a flavouring in cookery—which is another use it had once in Europe. Lord Macaulay says that a favourite dish of Charles II was "egg and ambergris".'

'Ambergris has also been used in medicine, especially as an alleged cure for hydrophobia and epilepsy. In a book published in the seventeenth century it is claimed that it "strengthens the heart and brain, revives and recreates the spirits" and "is a good preservative against the Plague". It was also used as a tincture in love potions.'

'But, as I have said, the use for which it is famous is in perfumes. To anyone who did not know this, and who came upon a piece of ambergris fresh from a whale, perfume would be the last thing he would think of. But the action of air and sun improves its odour, and when the chemists have treated it, it gives off an aroma which is subtly pleasing to most people. But its neat odour is so powerful that after smelling it for a short while the olfactory nerves become fatigued and the sense of smell is numbed.'

'But its own smell is not what makes ambergris famous—this is

due to a strange property it possesses. It "prolongs the note" as the perfumiers say. In other words, it makes the aroma of the costly scents last longer. And this special quality, coupled with a slight but attractive animal odour that adds an appealing tang, is why you will find a minute fraction of a whale in a bottle of the costliest perfumes'.

DEVON PAINTERS

'Exeter Museum was founded as part of a memorial to the Prince Consort', said VIVIAN OGILVIE in 'Window on the West'. 'It is one of the half-dozen or so largest museums outside London. Though Devon is its special interest, it contains zoological, archaeological, and other collections of general interest. Some of them, like the butterflies and moths, are exceptionally valuable. The ethnological section is also of high quality. Many of the North American specimens were obtained on Vancouver's journeys and during searches for the ill-fated Franklin expedition.'

'Devon was the birthplace of a remarkable number of distinguished painters—including the great Elizabethan miniaturist Nicholas Hilliard, Reynolds, Hayman, Cosway, and Samuel Prout. The museum properly devotes itself especially to the Devon painters. Not that that is all. There is in particular a good collection of English water colours from Girtin and Turner down to artists alive at the present day.'

'I must confess that some of the Devon painters were unknown to me, or, if I knew their names, I had never seen their work. This is not altogether surprising since several of them are scarcely represented in other public galleries. It was a great pleasure to see five works by Hayman, who was a friend

of Hogarth and taught Gainsborough. His self-portrait is very good and so is his painting of Sir Robert Walpole and family—with little Horace already turning a sharp eye on the world. But the great discovery for me was the wealth of fine water colours by Devon men born in the eighteenth century. Francis Towne is the best known, but William Payne, John White Abbott, and William Traies are all outstanding. There is a local interest in many of the topographical pictures, but the artists went further afield—to Wales, Italy, and Switzerland—and one sees the new-found appreciation of rocks and trees and the "awful grandeur" of mountains characteristic of the late eighteenth century.'

'Water colour is a medium in which England can show a clean pair of heels to all her rivals. Anyone who loves water colours should go out of his way to visit Exeter Museum.'

THE ROGUE INSIDE ME

'A few months ago', said SHAMUS FRAZER in a Home Service talk, 'in Singapore I ate, for the first time, elephant, and not long before that I ate—again a novel experience—slugs. The elephant was delicious; the slugs were delicious, too, while I thought they were mushrooms, but less so when my Chinese neighbour told me just what I was with such zest eating. (I think I managed one more for politeness sake, but I did not enjoy it so much.) Between these extremes of elephant and slug I have eaten in Singapore exotically, monumentally, through banquets of fifteen courses, with gusto often and sometimes with resigna-



'Sir Robert Walpole and Family', one of several paintings by Francis Hayman, on view in Exeter Museum

tion. Eating is always an adventure, except perhaps in England where it is usually an expected catastrophe. In the East it can be a voyage of discovery into the freakish and the unknown.

'I was all agog when one of my Eurasian students who had promised me a curry of flying fox (a kind of large, red-furred, fruit bat) asked me whether I would care to try a dish of elephant instead, flying fox being out of season. I imagined an enormous roast, some outsize sirloin or rib, carried in on a lordly dish by groaning scullions. It did not turn out that way. I was made welcome, by my student's hospitable family, to a table like a Picasso of the khaki period—a composition of curries in various off tones of mud and gold; the grey-green lamb curry, the purplish fruit, the browner ox, the more golden chicken curry, great platters of white and saffron rice. The elephant, they told me, would be on later: meanwhile I was please to eat, Mr. Frazer. I did—at first sparingly and with reserve. There must be room, I told myself, for a cut off the joint. But the preliminary curries were so appetising, my host so pressing, the whisky (for this is considered the appropriate drink for Europeans) poured with so unstinting a hand that I began almost to dread the appearance of the elephant. But when he came, carried in on an oval dish by my hostess, two-handed and alone, he was not so alarming: he was just another curry, of a mustard gold this time: and nestling in the rice were many slices of meat about the size, shape, and colour of chocolate biscuits.

'I had three helpings. The taste was of well-grilled beefsteak but saltier: the consistency something like whalemeat but far tenderer: there was also a tang of something I could not give a name to, so I put this down either to the idiosyncratic flavour of elephant, or of the spices with which the meat had been cured and curried.

'The slugs appeared on the table of a distinguished Chinese colleague of mine who had cut off his pigtail—queue he preferred to call it—at the age of twelve, with the establishment of the Chinese Republic. A big Chinese dinner will include up to fifteen courses, sometimes more, and all but the last few will be eaten out of the same bowl and with one pair of chopsticks.

'The snails appeared, I recall, towards the end of the banquet and I took them to be a species of truffle. They were black and small and curled and hardish, and they tasted of the good earth and autumn fungus. But after the tenth, "You know, Mr. Fraser, these are slugs that we are eating", said my neighbour; and I saw that these truffles had two short black horns on the narrow end.

'There was then some argument as to whether they were slugs or snails, an argument in which I took no share. I was a little shamed that I found it difficult really to enjoy the eleventh. In the appreciation of art we are too often guided by suggestion, but we should of course be dispassionate'.

CHEERFUL CHIPPENDALE

'Do you know someone who makes thermocouple potentiometers? Have you heard of heavy-duty rooters? Do you own any fish-screen drivers?' asked Lt. Col. P. G. R. BURFORD in 'The Northcountryman'. 'If you can get two right out of three in that kind of test, there is a warm welcome for you in the Trade Enquiries Department of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. Enquiries of every kind come into the Port of Liverpool from all over the world, and they reach us at the rate of 500

a month. Someone here wants an agent in the Fiji Islands; someone else in Madagascar wants to find an importer in England. The seven seas and the seven skies from Singapore to Chile and from Hudson's Bay to Durban have all some business at the other end, something which is hard, workaday fact in itself but adds up to a romance when you try to consider it all together.

'You certainly get a run of ordinary routine questions, but in the middle of them a name, maybe, catches your eye—a foreign trading firm, for example, that heads its notepaper: "Merchant de Monte Christo"; or a furniture shop, east of Suez, that calls itself, quite simply, "Cheerful Chippendale". Both of those have been in our postbag, quite recently, and it is only human nature, I hope, if one remembers things like that, or the descriptions of perfectly serious goods that sound curious to those who do not deal with them every day—plumb bobs with sheaths, grains of paradise, gate frames for the penstocks, oil foggers, or even dehydrated kibbled onions. An enquiry

for what we thought must be a concealed order from the Treasury was for a jolt-squeeze-turnover moulding machine'.

PENNY GAFFS

'The taxi-drivers of London still call Shaftesbury Avenue "Gaff Land", said ARMAND GEORGES in 'The Eye-Witness'. 'For gaff is cockney slang for theatres, and "penny gaff"—well, that explains itself. These portable theatres were also called "Rags and Sticks" from the way they were built, and most apt of all, perhaps, "Blood tubs", for these were the places to see and hear blood-and-thunder melodrama. They put on plays, too—"The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet"—but the real favourites were "Murder in the Red Barn", "The Grip of Iron", and "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street".

'It was not entirely unknown for some of the titles to get mixed up, and as the actors had to play a different part every night for as long as six months at a stretch, the actors and the "props" sometimes got mixed up, too. There is the case when a company, run by the father of the late Will Fyfe, was presenting "Hamlet", and the actress playing the Queen found herself struggling in a most undignified attitude as her throne unexpectedly tipped backwards in the position of the barber's chair in "Sweeney Todd", for which it was also used.

'The pattern for all the penny gaffs was Richardson's Theatre, which used to tour the fairgrounds in the London area in the early eighteen-hundreds. They were quite sizeable little theatres some of these penny gaffs. Sam Wildes' theatre in the north of England, known as "Old Wildes'", seated 1,500 people, and had three raised boxes each side of the stage; but it was still "rags and sticks", a rectangle built of portable wooden sections with a canvas roof on a wooden frame. There are stories of these booths being burnt down, blown down, and washed away by flood; it was a hard life for the actors. They were expected to erect the theatre and take it down, distribute handbills, clean up paint and set the scenery.

'One enterprising manager in the Midlands, Bill Holloway (the family is still in show business), ran a fish-and-chip bar at the side of the Gaff. On frying nights there was a melodrama in which one of the characters was killed off early in the play so that he could nip away ready to serve a ha'porth of fish and a ha'porth of chips to the audience on their way out. This manoeuvre was so well known that as this particular actor expired on the stage, a general cry went round the theatre: "They're frying tonight".



A drawing of Richardson's Theatre in the early eighteen-hundreds, the pattern for all penny gaffs'

Mander and Mitcheson Theatre Collection

Belinski and the Unicorn

By CZESLAW MIOSZ

IN the first half of the nineteenth century, the eminent Russian critic Belinski experienced a strange intellectual adventure. He made his first acquaintance with the philosophy of Hegel and he was deeply impressed by the well-known formula: 'What is real is reasonable'. He interpreted it in his own way. 'Force is law, and law is force'—he wrote in a letter to his friend:

I cannot tell you with what emotion I heard those words—it was a liberation. I suddenly understood the whole meaning of the fall of kingdoms; the historical law which justifies aggression. I understood that there is no such thing as brute material force, no such thing as the reign of bayonets and of the sword. For me there was no longer anything arbitrary or accidental in the course of history. I was relieved of all that depressing melancholy which usually dominates my thoughts on the fate of humanity. The role of my fatherland suddenly appeared to me under a new aspect... The word 'reality' has become synonymous with the word 'God' for me.

From these intellectual propositions, Belinski drew the consequences. This eminent liberal became, for a period of two years, an enthusiastic defender of the Tsarist regime which he declared to be 'rational' and 'necessary', for, he wrote, 'ethics lies in the harmony of subjective man with the objective world'.

Pressure of Existing Institutions

We can see, from the mistake made by Belinski, the pressure of existing institutions and how it destroys our vision of the future. Belinski was by no means insensitive to the sufferings of the Russian people, but he suppressed his moral indignation by convincing himself that this sentiment was subjective and therefore without motive. Today we can see numerous examples of such a worship of reality. For many of our contemporaries—if not for the majority—systems in which they are living appear neither as 'neutral' nor as praiseworthy. Perhaps this is the characteristic feature of our times. But if people do not invoke against a prevailing system some other system which already exists, then they are labelled as dreamers and accused of taking refuge in 'pure morality'.

Yet these people represent the only positive and hopeful current of thought in our times. Consciously or unconsciously, they are expressing the fact that social thought is today passing through a crisis and that our science of historical development is at the level which biology reached in the seventeenth century. The discovery of the circulation of the blood at that time was a step forward. But the instruments in use were too primitive.

Those who reject the false dilemma between 'free enterprise' and the bureaucratic collectivism of Russia are alone capable of preparing the road for the true science of social affairs of the future. Their tragedy is that they are often, and unconsciously, succumbing to the force of reality. For men who wield power of money or power of police are careful enough to wear a mask: 'You have to obey us, not because we can deprive you of your work, or throw you into prison, but because we are the incarnation of Necessity'. Perhaps this problem is less visible in the western part of the world. It appears in a most acute form in the Russian-dominated countries and it came, so to say, to the surface, after the death of Mr. Stalin.

The satirical poets of Warsaw in the last two years have taken as their favourite subject the theme of a man who has become used to say nothing but 'yes' and who is suddenly confronted with the necessity to show courage. Forced to give his own opinion, he is seized with terror. This kind of humour tells us much about the nature of the present slight liberalisation. The 'thaw' is not the outcome of 'pressure by the masses'. It is simply that the will of the rulers has encountered a resistance in the 'nature of things'; that is to say, in the boredom and apathy of the governed. In order that a social system shall function effectively, there must be a certain measure of emotional identification of the citizens with the powers that be. Faced with a dangerous apathy, the authorities allowed, as a first step, certain privileges to writers and artists in order to bring a little colour into the social scene.

There are, of course, inherent dangers in such a relaxation of

controls. People begin to be aware of the essentially conventional character of the prevailing orthodoxy; its supposed absolute necessity loses its ontological moustachios. The coward admits, in the privacy of his heart, that he has been trembling not before a law of historical development but before the will of other human beings. In the normal course of events the doubt which plagues the individual placed before an established order—the dilemma expressed by Belinski—is summed up in the question 'Why pick on me? Why should I resist when all the others are complying?' The 'thaw' gives rise to a re-birth of the feeling of personal dignity, for it seems to justify the courage of the few who have stood out against authority. At the same time the administrators profit from it: the temperature of solidarity rises, because for a moment people become aware of the possible.

Western journalists are asking whether all this means a fundamental change. They are anticipating. Centralisation and hierarchical organisation are so powerful that they can permit certain freedoms to the élite. The criterion of the genuineness of this easing of restrictions must be the degree of freedom which it accords to the right to tell the truth; a privilege which in itself presupposes a free exchange of opinions, and the spontaneous emergence of ideas from free discussion. And in judging achievements in this direction one must bear in mind that the dream-world of what might be is a strictly guarded preserve in those countries. People live within the strict confinement of a world of lies and phantoms. Their explorations of freedom are rather on the scale of the adventures of a child that has been permitted by its mother to take a run in the garden. Nevertheless the 'thaw' does introduce a positive element of new thinking—if only through the awareness which it brings of the internal void which obsesses individuals.

In 'The Golden Fox' (a satirical story by an eminent Warsaw writer Andrzejewski), a small boy called Luke is lying in his bed, and he sees the door opening and a glittering figure entering the room: a golden fox. The fox hides in the cupboard. After that the strange guest comes back every night to visit Luke. The boy tries to communicate this wonderful news to the others, but without success. Emilka, his little playmate, is a true daughter of the proletariat. Luke tells her that the most beautiful city in the world is called Colorado and that it stands on a wonderful island. That annoys Emilka, 'That is not true', she says, 'Moscow is the most beautiful city'. Luke's attempt to initiate Emilka into the mystery of the golden fox ends in a scandal. His parents become uneasy. He ought to be like the others, he is heading for trouble if he fails to adapt himself to the new society. His elder brother, a schoolboy with a red tie, makes fun of him. Finally Luke denies his guest, and he announces bravely: 'There is no such thing as a golden fox'. As a reward he is invited to play with other children in building a kolhoz with blocks. But as he looks through the window he sees the golden fox disappearing round the corner of the street.

Allegorical Tale

Here we have an allegorical tale, in itself something unusual. The criticism which it embodies, of the depersonalisation dictated by orthodoxy, is similar to the much more gloomy picture drawn by Orwell. It gives rise to a very simple reflection. The fox—the hidden dream—is ordinarily the last resort of people who are hemmed in and trapped by the forces of authority: a programme of minimum achievement. And yet something which is socially 'useless' deserves better than merely to be tolerated as a concession to the feebleness of human nature. Perhaps even what Belinski lacked was a strong belief in his own golden fox.

In the story I have underlined the conversation of the small boy with his friend from the school. But the little girl, who cares nothing for golden foxes or other such stupidities, knows a moving fable which is more suited to the new generation. This is the story of the dog Bingo.

- 'Bingo lived with some rich people, you see, they were capitalists'.
- 'I understand'.
- 'They had a factory'.
- 'What factory?'.
- 'A very big one'.

'Did it make cars?'
 'No; just a factory. And they exploited the dog dreadfully'.
 'Did they beat him?'
 'They gave him nothing to eat and he had to work for them'.
 Luke's eyes shone. 'I would never have worked for them'.
 'And what would you have done?'
 'I would have run away'.
 'You silly boy! Bingo could not run away, because in that street there lived only capitalists'.
 'Well, then, I would have run away a bit further'.
 'Further away was also only inhabited by capitalists'.
 'Then I would have made myself some wings to fly away'.
 Emilka looked displeased: 'I tell you the truth and you make up stories'.
 'I am not making up anything. Really, I would have flown away'.
 'But he could not fly', said Emilka firmly.
 'Then what did he do?'
 'He wanted to run away'.
 'You see!'
 'But they caught him and exploited him even more. And then . . .' 'They chased out the capitalists?'
 'Not yet. But then Bingo became very old'.
 'Is he dead?'
 'Wait a minute, not yet. When he was very old and could work no more, the capitalists threw him out into the street. He became unemployed and he could not find work anywhere'.
 'Did he have children?'
 'Yes, he had some children'.
 'Did they throw him out together with his children?'
 'Yes'.

There is in all this a clear philosophical message. The little boy symbolises the farce of dreaming which is remote from the demands of reality ('I would have fled', 'I would have had wings', 'They would have chased away the capitalists' . . .) The little girl speaks in the name of cold reality which is remote from dreams. The satire is directed against the system of education in Poland today. That system shuts up childish fantasy within the confines of the so-called 'scientific laws of historical development'.

Let us take, in contrast to this, a Thurber cartoon. The husband goes down to the kitchen to drink his morning coffee and he sees through the window a unicorn which is eating the roses in the garden. He rushes upstairs to tell his wife what he has seen. She opens one eye, but calls out contemptuously: 'The unicorn is a mythical beast' and turns her back on him. The husband approaches the unicorn in the garden and offers it a flower. The wife consults a psychologist and tells him about the affliction of her husband. But the husband, when questioned by the doctor, answers: 'The unicorn is a mythical beast'. At a sign from the doctor, two huge male nurses throw themselves on to the shrew and drag her off, struggling and screaming, into a lunatic asylum.

The victorious husband knew he had seen the unicorn. In denying it,

he was using a subterfuge. The millions living in the West today cherish their unicorns and all they ask of life is to have their little gardens spared from the disasters of world events. The last few years have been marked in western Europe and in America by the growth of anti-historical tendencies, by a flight into the isolation of one's own private world. The signs are plentiful. The complete lack of interest in books dealing with political philosophy; the popularity of Professor Toynbee's works which dilute the present time within the broad flow of transient civilisations; the extraordinary success of concerts and paintings; the general search for amusements which allow you to shut yourself up in the family circle. In the little French town where we live, our radio salesman is overwhelmed with work. From morning till night he runs round the neighbourhood installing television sets. Television, detested by the intellectuals, has become, even in Europe, the favourite pastime of the masses. All those new acquisitions: the motor car and the scooter, the television and the gramophone are widely welcomed as a protection against revolutionary movements. The willingness of the masses to accept bourgeois standards—and the Federal Republic of Germany provides here the striking example—is said to be the best antidote against Utopian thinking.

Is it true that a man who feels he is free, is free? I used to ask myself this question in contemplating the life of the small American towns and today I am asking it again in my provincial community in France. The earth throbs to the beat of a mysterious machine which goes on day and night. The flowers are beautiful in the garden and the unicorn makes its appearance as we drink our morning coffee. But the unicorn is a temperamental beast, liable at any time to shy away.

Should we not strengthen the individual against the pressure of social and historical elements? Yes, but freedom bought at the price of shutting one's eyes to reality may easily be destroyed by the forces it fails to master. Man forgets what he might be, and he accepts a perverted form of life where work and play are two different domains. The potential dangers then appear to him to come from without whereas in fact they are within. Such an atmosphere is propitious to the growth of McCarthyism and encourages the promotion of administrators and diplomats possessed of an infantile outlook. Man today is tempted to fall into one of the two traps: either to choose an illusory freedom within narrow limits of his purely individualistic world, or to submit himself, as a slave, to so-called historical necessity. Sermons in such a situation are of no avail. Only genuine political movements making no claim to understand the 'sense of history' can hope to resolve this dilemma.

I strongly believe that man will, in the end, master society, just as his ancestor achieved victory over monsters which he tried in vain to overcome with magic. But the first step towards that victory is to label as magic what is in sober fact just magic.—*Third Programme*

Exploring the Antarctic

By L. P. KIRWAN

THE Trans-Antarctic Expedition and the Royal Society's expedition are both aiming to set up bases—or it may be a joint base—at Vahsel Bay in the Weddell Sea early in 1956, in preparation for exploration and research in 1957 and 1958.

Before considering how these expeditions fit into the history of Antarctic exploration, I think one should take a look at certain differences between them. Dr. Fuchs' expedition is a purely British expedition. It has as its principal and ultimate object the crossing by land of the Antarctic Continent by approximately the shortest route, from Vahsel Bay by way of the Pole to the Ross Sea. It will therefore be primarily a mobile expedition, concerned first and foremost with a great geographical journey through British territory, and especially with the exploration of the stretch of unknown territory lying between the Weddell Sea and the Pole.

The Royal Society's expedition is a rather different proposition. It will be mainly a static expedition, and it will not be primarily concerned with exploration. Its object is to set up and maintain at Vahsel Bay a station for scientific research. It will not be a purely national expedition.

It will be a part—and a most important part—of this country's contribution to the International Geophysical Year of 1957-58, when nearly a dozen countries will be working in the Antarctic. Vahsel Bay has been chosen as the base for this expedition, not as the starting point for a journey but mainly because its geographical situation offers special advantages for a variety of scientific work. An Argentine expedition is already established at Vahsel Bay, and this, too, will contribute to the International Geophysical Year. Far and away the largest of the contributions to this international project will be that of the United States Expedition, led by Admiral Byrd. There will be six United States bases, one of them also at Vahsel Bay, like the British and Argentine bases. The whole expedition will be transported by a United States Naval Task Force of ice-breakers and other vessels. Extensive use will be made of aircraft, and the most dramatic feature of the United States' plan will be a project to establish and maintain by air a meteorological station at the South Pole for the whole of the Geophysical Year. If plans are anything to go by, the United States expedition will be the most ambitious undertaking in the whole history of the Antarctic.



Both these British expeditions, the Trans-Antarctic Expedition and the Royal Society's Research Expedition, illustrate in their different ways the evolution which has gradually taken place in the development of Antarctic exploration since the year 1775, when Captain Cook first crossed the Antarctic Circle. His main achievement in the Antarctic was to disprove, once and for all, the legend of a rich and fertile land stretching northwards into the temperate zone; an El Dorado which had been the dream of philosophers and geographers ever since the days of Leonardo da Vinci. But his voyage was also important in another respect. His reports of the rich fauna that lay waiting in the Southern Ocean drew south more than a hundred sealers, both British and American. It was they, and their owners, who, in the course of their sealing operations, gave the first real impulse to Antarctic exploration. One of these sealers, the brig *Williams* of Blyth, in command of a Lieutenant Edward Bransfield, R.N., discovered the Antarctic Continent. This was on January 30, 1820, and the first authentic account of it appeared in the *Literary Gazette and Journal of Belles Lettres* for November 24, 1821.

In the second quarter of the nineteenth century all this pioneer work of commercial and private enterprise was taken over by governments and navies, Russian, French, and British. After this, from 1845 for nearly thirty years, no ship disturbed the solitude of Antarctic waters. The efforts of governments and of polar explorers were concentrated in the north, searching for the two ships of Sir John Franklin, lost in the maze of the Northwest Passage. It was not until the last decade of the nineteenth century that Antarctic exploration regained its old impetus.

In 1895 a resolution of the Sixth International Geographical Congress declared Antarctic exploration to be 'the greatest piece of geographical exploration still to be undertaken'. Faced by this challenge, it developed rapidly. In 1897 the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, led by Lieutenant de Gerlache, was beset in the ice and was the first expedition to winter in the Antarctic. The scientists of a privately organised British expedition were the first, in 1898-1900, to endure the hardships of a winter on the Antarctic mainland. And there were others at the beginning of the century, the most notable of all being the British National Expedition of 1901-04, in which the world first heard of Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his famous ship *Discovery*. The first season's work of this expedition marked a new stage in the development of exploration, for it was then that Scott and his men embarked on those long slogging journeys over the ice which have become the hallmark of Antarctic travel. His expedition was also the start of an Antarctic era. The opening years of the nineteenth century were still the era of discovery, often enough chance discovery in waters favoured by the sealers for commercial reasons. The second quarter of the century was a period of officially sponsored, and deliberate, exploration when the coastline of Antarctica began to take shape. Under Scott the first land journeys began, and with them the so-called Heroic Age of Antarctic exploration.

The main objects of Scott's expedition were defined only in very general terms; to determine as far as possible the nature and extent of those lands which his ship could reach, and to make a magnetic survey. One of the members of the expedition was a Lieutenant Edward Shackleton of the Royal Naval Reserve. Within two years of *Discovery*'s return from her last voyage Shackleton was raising funds to take out an Antarctic expedition of his own. The equipment he was to take was typical of his fertile and ingenious mind, a mind in which an Irish imagination was supported by a Yorkshire pertinacity. Siberian or Manchurian ponies were to be used instead of dogs. A specially adapted motor-car was included. And a kinematograph and a phonograph were to be taken to record the behaviour of the penguins. More important than these new devices was the new aim that Shackleton introduced into Polar exploration. The principal object of his expedition's main party, in fact, was no less than the conquest of the South Pole. In a flash, it caught the imagination of the public. The concept of man striving to reach the very centre of the ice-bound continent, pitting himself against Nature in her harshest surroundings, was one that all could understand. It was an adventure which had, too, a special appeal to the spirit of those years, with its unbounded faith in the possibilities of human endeavour. In 1909, Shackleton was almost triumphantly successful. The south Magnetic Pole was reached and the Union Jack, presented by the Queen, was planted within only a hundred miles of the Pole itself.

But the geographical Poles, both North and South, were not long to remain inviolate. In the autumn of 1909 the news was received in London that the North Pole had been reached by the United States naval officer, Peary. In 1912 the world heard that Amundsen, forestalled by Peary in the north, had succeeded in the south. He had reached the South Pole the previous December, on the eve of Scott's last and tragic expedition. It was typical of Shackleton, who had himself come so near to victory, that he should have paid Amundsen a generous tribute. To this he added: 'The discovery of the South Pole will not be the end of Antarctic exploration. The next work of importance to be done in the Antarctic



Shackleton's ship, the *Endurance*, beset in pack-ice in the Weddell Sea, August 1915

From 'The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton', by H. R. Mill (Heinemann)

is the determination of the whole coast-line of the Antarctic Continent, and then a trans-continental journey from sea to sea crossing the Pole'. Shackleton's project for an imperial trans-antarctic expedition, an idea which had originated with the Scottish explorer Bruce, grew from that day in his mind.

The first public announcement of the expedition was made in *The Times* in 1913. Thousands of applications to join flowed in, and were filed by Shackleton in three large drawers marked 'Mad', 'Hopeless' and 'Possible'. Shackleton's plan, strikingly similar to Dr. Fuchs', was to set up a base on the Weddell Sea, near Vahsel Bay, from which the journey, by way of the Pole, was to start. From the Ross Sea, on the other side of the Pole, another party would push southward to meet the trans-continental party, which was to be led by Shackleton himself. Subsidiary parties at both ends would carry out a variety of scientific work. The Weddell Sea party was to sail from England in the *Endurance*, an oil- and coal-burning sailing ship of 350 tons. The Ross Sea party was to sail in the *Aurora* from Tasmania.

On Saturday, August 8, on the eve of the first world war, the *Endurance* sailed from Plymouth, with the good wishes of Mr. Winston Churchill, the Admiralty, and the nation. There were some, as there are with many expeditions, who shook their heads at what they prophesied was a rash adventure. But Shackleton had no patience with armchair geographers, and had anyway made up his mind. The expedition sailed. The story of the loss of the *Endurance* and the rescue of her crew from Elephant Island is an epic in the history of exploration. At first, all went relatively well. Battling through pack-ice, the *Endurance* reached a long stretch of clear blue water running parallel to the towering ice-cliffs of the Caird coast. Soon they came abreast of a great glacier, about 400 feet high, thrusting forwards into the sea. Although the bay formed by its northern edge made an excellent landing place, Shackleton decided against it. He pressed on southwards towards Vahsel Bay, a shorter land distance to the Pole. He had no means of reconnaissance like the light aircraft carried by modern polar expeditions, and he suddenly found himself beset in solid pack-ice. Throughout the Antarctic winter the *Endurance* drifted, first south and then north-west, amidst the grinding ice.

The crushing and sinking of the *Endurance*, the marooning of her crew on Elephant Island, and Shackleton's 800-mile voyage in an open boat, through huge and mountainous seas, to seek help from the whalers in South Georgia, all this is described in the most exciting of all polar books, Shackleton's *South*. It is not difficult to see why a leader of such resource, such high courage, and such absolute devotion to his men should have earned their undying admiration. On the other side of the continent, the Ross Sea Party carried out its share of the plan. These men, too, were marooned, for their ship, the *Aurora*, was swept out to sea. But, like the Weddell Sea party, they were rescued in the end through the tireless efforts of their extraordinary leader. Shackleton's project for a Trans-Antarctic journey was revived in 1932 by the young British Arctic explorer, Gino Watkins. But it came to nothing.

It almost seemed, by the nineteen-twenties, that the so-called Heroic Age, the age of record-breaking land journeys (privately, not officially, sponsored), of manpower rather than machine power, had come to an end. The brief interlude between the wars brought not only a greater concentration on scientific research but great developments in the techniques of polar travel. Most important of these was, of course, the introduction of air power. In the 'twenties and 'thirties the use of air transport developed apace. In 1929 Admiral Byrd, leader of the United States expedition which discovered, from the air, Marie Byrd Land, flew to the South Pole. In 1936 the American aviator Lincoln Ellsworth was the first to cross the Antarctic Continent by air from Graham

Land to the Ross Sea. Meanwhile, expeditions like the British *Discovery* expeditions combined pioneer exploration with increasingly intensified scientific research.

In the post-war period this emphasis on research, and on development, continued, in the British Falkland Islands Dependencies especially. This was a region of which much was to be heard owing to the territorial claims and periodical encroachments there of Argentina and Chile, and these are still continuing today. This post-war period was also markedly a period of technical development and of larger expeditions. Light aircraft, especially for reconnaissance, became a familiar sight on the decks of most ships sailing for the Antarctic. And tracked snow vehicles, improved rations, lightweight equipment, and longer-range radio greatly increased both the speed of movement, as well as the health and safety, of explorers. In 1948 the United States Navy Expedition, consisting not of solitary ships but of three fleets with ice-breakers, aircraft carriers, and other vessels, was the largest expedition yet to visit Antarctica. It was appropriately named 'Operation High-Jump', and in the course of it, Admiral Byrd, the leader, made his second flight to the South Pole.

Up to now I have talked only about the past, about the different trends that have helped to shape the two British expeditions whose advance parties have just left this country. These trends have led through the era of pioneer discovery, through the succeeding era of officially sponsored exploration, to the so-called Heroic Age of privately organised expeditions, of great individual leaders like Shackleton, Amundsen, and Scott. What can be said about the future? With no more Poles to conquer and no more continents to cross, Antarctic discovery may show a different pattern, more akin perhaps to that now taking shape for the International Geophysical Year. Exactly fifty years ago the late Dr. Hugh Robert Mill, the historian of the Antarctic, put forward the idea of an international committee which, he said, 'Should plan, not an expedition, but a system of research by means of simultaneous and consecutive expeditions and fixed observatories'. I think that this may be the new pattern, with a good deal more emphasis on aircraft than on dogs.

In the meanwhile, what is the importance of Antarctic itself, the cause of all this activity? From a strategic point of view, probably not much, unless it be as a polar training ground or as a safe launching and dropping zone for rockets or the hydrogen bomb. There is, however, one Antarctic sea-passage that might prove very useful in time of war. That is the ice-free Drake Strait that lies south of Cape Horn and between it and the northern tip of Graham Land. If the Panama Canal were to be put out of action, then Drake Strait would be the only ice-free waterway linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Economic prospects in the Antarctic are a good deal harder to prophesy. For one thing, comparatively little of the geology of this vast region, equal in area to the United States and Europe together, has yet been thoroughly explored. Even where exploration has taken place, it has more often than not been in the form of reconnaissance, exploring journeys rather than intensive survey and geological investigation. We still do not really know the full economic potential of our own Antarctic Dependencies, and expeditions have been at work there annually since the middle of the last war. The reason, of course, is that maps are the essential basis for any development programme, and mapping by the old traditional methods of land survey by sledging parties is far too slow a process for so vast a territory. Air survey is the only answer, and an air survey of the Falkland Islands Dependencies has just been started. Economically valuable minerals have already been discovered in the Antarctic, including coal, copper, and even silver and gold. So far, neither oil-bearing strata nor nuclear ores have been reported. But with so much still to explore, they are a possibility in



Admiral (then Commander) R. E. Byrd, in reindeer skin coat and polar-bear trousers before he made his first flight to the South Pole

From 'Skyward', by R. E. Byrd (Putnam)

some of the many parts of Antarctica which are free from ice. There is, however, one aspect of the Antarctic about which there is no doubt, and that is its value for scientific research, especially in meteorology. Information about the weather engendered by the Antarctic ice-mass is immediately important to the whaling fleets. It is also of longer-term importance because it affects the climate of the adjacent continents and beyond. But this is only one of the many branches of science for which the Antarctic provides the perfect laboratory. There are also, for example, geophysics and terrestrial magnetism.

Vahsel Bay is going to be especially valuable for magnetic research because it lies in a zone of intense magnetic activity.

Finally, there is the sub-glacial geography of the continent itself. Is it, below its enormous and overspilling ice-cap, an archipelago? Is it two continents or only one? A number of methods for sounding through several thousand feet of the ice-cap will be tried out by expeditions in the next few years. This will enable profiles to be drawn of the underlying rock and should provide an answer to these questions.

—Third Programme

Survival After Death

By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor R. A. KNOX

IT is curious to note how our foolish modern catchwords contrive, now and again, to open a sudden window on our serious thoughts. Not long ago, you heard people saying (without meaning anything by it), 'Where do we go from here?' If you translate that into old-fashioned English, it sounds like a quotation from the Bible, 'Whither do we go hence?' And that is the problem which, more than any other except the existence of a supernatural world in general, has exercised the human mind at all times. What happens to us after death?

I am not going to discuss the subject from the philosophical point of view. It is, indeed, an uncommonly interesting question, how we can attach any meaning to the statement, 'The soul is destroyed at death', since destruction means, in our experience, that a thing is resolved into its parts, and the soul, being immaterial, has no parts to be dissolved into. But these academic discussions have, for most of us, something of the quality of winter sunshine; they communicate light without warmth, and leave us shivering. I mean to assume as genuine the findings of Christian tradition about our future state, and attempt, if I may put it in that way, to get them more in focus. Our picture of the other world is so blurred, its outlines are so confused. That is inevitable; partly because there is no subject on which Christian tradition is so reticent, partly because we are forced to use terms and ideas drawn from everyday experience, and it is evident that they do not quite apply. It is like playing Wagner on a tooth-comb.

The mistake we are tempted to make, do make in our moments of idle thinking, is to suppose that eternal life merely means going on living. That, naturally enough, was what the pagans thought, when they dreamed that there was some possibility of a life after death. There is an epigram in the *Greek Anthology*, often quoted for its beauty, in which the poet says to his dead friend, 'Once, a morning star, you shone among the living; now you shine, an evening star, among the dead'. You see, it has the marmoreal finality of a Greek epigram about it, but it has also something of a marmoreal flatness. We are back where we were; nothing has happened. So, in Virgil's *Aeneid*, the heroes in Elysium are found looking after their horses and chariots: 'The same grateful task that was ever theirs, to feed their sleek horses, is theirs still, now that earth has covered them'. Do we, children of a later age, look forward to an eternity spent in washing down the car? But it is the same mistake we are making, if we think of eternal life as the mere continuation of living. We unconsciously compare the experience of a future life to that of waking up after an operation; waking up to breakfast and the morning paper. And, of course, if we think of survival after death in those terms, it becomes an open question for some of us whether we want to survive or not. The unpleasant thing is the experience of dying; if we could avoid that, many of us would be content to go on living, even in an atomic age. But when we have once been put to all this inconvenience, would we be sure that we wanted to come back again and go on living, more or less as before? I do not see how the question, if you feel like that, admits of solution.

But eternal life is not that sort of thing at all. When our Lord said he had come that we might have life, and might have it more abundantly, he clearly did not mean that he was going to introduce, into our humdrum, day-to-day existence, more *joie de vivre*. The 'life' which he came to bring—we have to call it 'life', because that is the nearest thing to it we know—belongs to a different order of existence. It has its own avenues of experience, its own range of faculties, its own proper activities. And it will find its true medium only in heaven.

True, that life is in us now, implanted by baptism. But we are not yet in a position to enjoy it, in the sense of savouring its possibilities. We are, if I may put it so, embryonic citizens of heaven, borne at present in the womb of matter and of time. And that is why we are foolish if we try to project our present experience into a future life, and say, 'I hope we shall be able to do this, I hope we shall be allowed to do that, in heaven'. We are like the child in Stevenson's poem, who said:

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

To wake up after death is not like waking up, after an operation, from the life of today to the life of tomorrow. It is like waking up from a dream world into a world, hitherto unexperienced, of realities. We are not to think of the soul as a star which is going to shine there because it can no longer shine here. Henry Vaughan has said the last word about that:

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must still burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

'Into a tomb'; we shall never begin to understand heaven until we realise that it is life, and our life here, by comparison, is not.

Sometimes, in moments of dejection, we pick up some pious book and read about going to heaven, and reigning there in glory, and enjoying everlasting happiness; and the effect is not to raise our spirits but to put us out of temper with the whole Christian doctrine of a future life. Is it not only too obvious that the tradition of the Church has projected our experiences in this life on to the screen of eternity? But when we feel like that, we are forgetting that heaven is the substance, earth the shadow, and these inadequate phrases of ours are inadequate simply because we have no colours to dip our paint-brush into. They are like those shaded lines by which heraldry represents colours—red represented by upright lines, blue by horizontal lines, and so on. Just so these phrases of ours stand, all of them, for a reality which we have no means of expressing.

When we talk about 'going' to heaven, we do not think of a future life as necessarily conforming to the conditions of space as we know it, like the literal-minded theologians in old days who discussed whether hell was, or was not, larger than Italy. But we get as near as we can to the truth, in describing a change of state necessarily unimaginable to us. As for 'glory', it has an old-fashioned ring nowadays; and, indeed, if the truth must be told, the idea of dressing up in our best clothes and taking part in a triumphal ceremony afflicts us with a slight sense of *malaise*. But if we have at all mastered our Lord's teaching, we cannot doubt that in a re-fashioned existence there will be a complete reversal of our worldly values; that worth will shine out in its own colours, showing the darkest tomb as the hiding place of the brightest star.

And happiness? There at least our expectations are unambiguous. Happiness, as we know, is something quite distinct from pleasure; pleasure is associated with this or that gratification of this or that particular need in our natures, whereas happiness, the feeling of overall contentment, depends on such a multitude of contributing factors that you cannot pin it down to a single experience, or to a single moment. Because it is so elusive, so fugitive a thing on earth, we know

what we mean when we cherish the hope of finding it in heaven. Only, because our life in heaven will be a new life, not a mere continuation of this, our happiness, we must suppose, will be of a quality which, in this world, even the mystics have hardly dreamed of. And it has always been the instinct of Christian people—although so little is said about it in the New Testament—that it will be a shared happiness. It seems incredible that our lives here should be so interwoven, if we were destined to be solitary units in the world to come.

But always, when we are thinking about heaven, St. Paul's description of it rebukes the exuberance of our imagination: 'things no eye has seen' (the painters have missed it), no ear has heard (even the musicians have made a mess of it), no human heart has conceived—our ideas, however abstruse, however poetic, are inadequate, must be inadequate, to the supernatural reality; not by their intensity, but in their very quality, the joys of heaven elude us. And perhaps, when we have sadly admitted this incapacity of ours, a scruple assails us: How can I, this very second-rate, unilluminated person I know myself to be, ever become the subject of such a sublime experience? Understand me, I am not speaking of scruples about our eternal salvation. Scruples of that kind have been felt even by people of great holiness; we know that it is possible to miss everlasting life, and that without the grace of Christ we shall miss it. No, I am speaking now simply of the difficulty we sometimes have in imagining ourselves as possible candidates for the kingdom of heaven, just because we are so ordinary. Here am I, sitting in my flat reading a novel; can it be I who will be clothed with immortality? Nature, they say, does nothing by leaps and bounds; the caterpillar does not turn all at once into a butterfly. Is there no process of graduation, of slow acclimatisation, which will turn me from this kind of soul into that?

If you accept the full teaching of the Church—I am perhaps speaking to some who do not, but they must pardon me for parting company with them here—if you accept the full teaching of the Church, these scruples will be sublimated for you by the doctrine of Purgatory. We have, most of us, a despairing sense of inadequacy when we contemplate the holiness of God's Saints, and compare our own record with it; we have, many of us, a feeling almost of envy when we visit

people, or hear of people, whose life seems nothing better than a long round of suffering. Why is it that this discipline of suffering has fallen so little on us, who need it so greatly? If I may use modern phrase, we are appalled at the differential. It straightens things out for us, if we believe that after death we shall go through a period of waiting and of discipline before we can become what we long to be yet almost fear to be—perfect souls.

So, all through the month of November, we have been remembering in our prayers the needs of the faithful departed; the Holy Souls, we call them, but we mean that they are not quite holy enough. What picture are we to form of those needs? We shall not find, I think, even in Dante, much aid to the imagination. But we can, perhaps, get some glimpse of what it all means if we concentrate our attention on the ancient prayer which the Church uses in this connection: 'Grant them, O Lord, eternal rest; and may perpetual light shine upon them.'

It seems, at first sight, an exacting demand. Light and rest are both primary needs of our natures; but in the usual way when we need rest we draw the curtains. I suppose we are meant to see the interlude between earth and heaven under the image of an uneasy night between two stretches of daylight. Just as the cares of yesterday haunt us with their echoes and deny us sleep, so we can think of the soul which has left this world full of imperfections as longing for the echoes of those imperfections to die down in it, and restore its nature to equilibrium. And just as the mounting light of day seems to heal us, we cannot tell why, after a sleepless night—first the pale streaks then the growing distinction between light and shadow, and at last the sun—so we may imagine the light of heaven, in some dim reflection dawning on and into those immortal spirits which have still their heaven to attain. An interlude in which yesterday is forgotten, and tomorrow, somehow, grows gradually more real.

You still find them childish, these analogies by which we try to realise the world beyond? Well, we are only children, all of us, hoping to grow up one day into the stature of the perfect man in Jesus Christ. And perhaps, if we are found worthy to do that, we shall see that these guesses of childhood were not altogether misleading; we shall smile at them, but we shall not disown them.—*Third Programme*

The Christian Hope and Physical Evil—III

Hope in This World

By the Very Rev. W. R. MATTHEWS

ADVENT is the season in the Church's year when we are invited to think specially about the Christian hope. We are called upon to take a forward look, to peer as it were into the future, inspired by the promise of the coming of Christ in power and great glory.

This hope has two aspects, which are closely bound together but can be considered separately. First, there is hope as it affects the individual, that is you and me, as unique persons. And this, no doubt, is the primary Advent message to us all. We think of the 'blessed hope of everlasting life' secured to us in Christ, and we remind ourselves that this hope remains unshaken whatever may be the changes and chances of this world in which we now live. The Collect for the second Sunday in Advent, from which I have just quoted, has some forcible words to describe what our attitude should be to this personal hope of everlasting life—we are to 'embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope', holding it so closely to us that it becomes a part of our minds and is the light of our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this mortal life.

There is, however, another aspect of the Christian hope, that which concerns the whole human race and its history. This is a subject which is much to the fore just now. We have had many studies of the prospects of civilisation and of humanity. We do not lack predictions. Some are optimistic and some very much the opposite. Some profess to tell us what the next 100 years may be expected to bring forth, while others look much further ahead. Confronted by so many and so various predictions, we may well ask what our Christian faith has to say about the human destiny in this world. Has it any specific answer to the question: Whither humanity? Does it give us any reason for hoping that history, after so many disappointing turns and twists, will turn upwards towards the shining and peaceful slopes of harmony and happiness?

ness? Have we, at the least, any assurance from our Christian faith that the human race and its achievements will not end in ultimate and irretrievable disaster? There is hope for me in Christ, but what hope is there for mankind?

When we collect our ideas about this question, the first thought that comes to mind is that of the providence of God. That certainly is one of the foundation beliefs of Christians. 'I believe in God': when I make that tremendous affirmation, I state something about the world and about history. Neither the world nor the course of history is simply uncontrolled and undirected. God reigns, and He has not abdicated. His purpose will, in the end, be fulfilled.

I suppose that all Christians will agree so far. But what follows from this belief in God and His providence? There are some who would say: Then, obviously all is well. We need not worry about the future of mankind. We must leave it in the hands of God. Up to a point they are right. We must learn to rest upon 'the everlasting arms' of God, and certainly Jesus taught us to lay aside anxiety. We will try, then by the grace of God, to avoid panic fears and the agitation which weakens the soul. But 'do not worry' does not mean 'do not care', and I suggest that the true Christian approach to the question is, while remaining calm and collected, to be deeply concerned about the prospects of our race and our civilisation.

You will notice that the Bible, which proclaims so clearly the providence of God, proclaims with equal definiteness the responsibility of man. You should read sometimes the wonderful book of Deuteronomy. It is the Law of Moses interpreted by a prophet. It is an eloquent statement of the calling and destiny of God's chosen people. The point that I want to emphasise is that, over and over again, the writer says: 'I set before you this day life and good and death and evil' and

solemnly adjures the Hebrews to choose life and good. Obviously, the writer believes profoundly in the providence of God, but at the same time he believes that two ways are open and either can be chosen by the Hebrew people. Here, it seems to me, we have the keynote of the Old Testament view of history. Look at the prophets, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the rest. They are stirred up to speak a word of God always in some crisis when a turning point is reached in their nation's existence. They call upon people to recognise the challenge of the times and to choose the way of life. They attribute the catastrophes and disasters which overtake the Hebrews to the wrong choices that they or their fathers have made.

The Old and the New View of History

Does the New Testament take the same view of history as the Old? Not, I think, precisely the same. There is a somewhat different standpoint. For example, we do not hear very much about nations in the New Testament. The Kingdom of God, I suppose, transcends all nations and races and their fortunes are not the centre of interest. But the New Testament is far from being silent about the future of the human race. If you read through the New Testament with the question in your mind, 'What does it say about the future of mankind?', you will notice one odd feature about the teaching—not only odd but, at first sight, perplexing. It seems to speak with two voices and to promise both good and evil. Probably the dominant impression left on one's mind is that the New Testament has a gloomy conception of the future of mankind. Never for one moment does the New Testament waver in the conviction that God and His Kingdom will triumph in the end, but there seem to be two different pictures presented to us of the intervening time before the end. As I have said, the dominant picture is that of a world increasing in evil and misery. 'Will the Son of Man find faith on the earth when He comes?' We read predictions of wars and rumours of wars, of the appearance of Anti-Christ who will draw large numbers of adherents to him. The faithful and righteous will be subject to tribulations almost too heavy to be borne: and all this confusion and distress will culminate in the final intervention of God and the coming of Christ to judgement and to set up the reign of God in a new heaven and a new earth.

But there is another picture of the future suggested in the New Testament which we must put side by side with the gloomy one. We catch the clearest glimpse of this other picture in the Epistle to the Ephesians. There, the writer looks forward to the realisation of the fullness of Christ. He hopes for this manifestation of the whole meaning of Christ in a redeemed humanity. He has the vision of a growing fellowship of men and women with Christ at its head and each so filled with the spirit of Christ that they all co-operate in love, so bringing to expression all the riches of the Christ. I do not say that one could not reconcile these two pictures with one another, but it would be difficult. The vision of the Epistle to the Ephesians certainly does not imply degeneration and collapse; it seems rather to imply a serene growth and harmonious development towards the realised Kingdom of God.

How are we to account for these two different pictures of the future? Surely the most reasonable answer is that either is possible. They represent two divergent paths, either of which can be chosen. The New Testament, like Deuteronomy, is presenting us with a choice between life and good or death and evil. The future is not fixed but wide open, and the responsibility of determining what it shall be lies with men.

We know very much more about history than the men who wrote the Bible and we realise that it is more complex than they could have imagined. There are many influences at work in history which need to be considered. The economic factor is of great importance, for example, and so too is the geographical situation, including climate, and others, too, of which they were only dimly aware. But was their simple view fundamentally mistaken? Did they not grasp the fundamental truth? When we take a good look at history, does it not seem to consist largely of a series of crises, of times of decision when a choice had to be made? And the choice made has its consequences; it issues either in good and more life or in evil and more death. What men willed, they had.

You are tired of hearing that we are living in a time of crisis, but the plain truth is that we most certainly are. Again we have to recognise that it is very complex. Indeed, one might say there are several crises—political, international, economic, and perhaps also religious. But the root crisis, I believe, is not political or economic. Its essence is this: we have come to the beginning of the full development of the age

of science. Knowledge has proved to be power with a vengeance, and the human race as a whole is confronted with a question which is literally one of life or death. What will it do with the power? How will it employ the gifts of the scientific age? There is no need to dwell on this. Everyone knows the nature of the dilemma and the possibilities. We have set before us either life and good almost beyond imagination, or death and evil of almost inconceivable dimensions.

It is no use saying 'We must wait and see what will happen and hope for the best', or, more piously, 'We must leave it in the hands of God'. It is God who has brought us to this place; it is He who presents us with this dilemma. The shape of things to come depends on what men choose; what they will, they will have. We can plainly see that the world needs two things in this momentous hour of its history. It needs goodwill; it needs earnest Christians who are creative centres of love and compassion. That is always true, for there never has been enough simple, honest goodwill to go round.

But goodwill by itself is not enough. We too often forget that the Bible reckons wisdom and understanding among the chief gifts of the Holy Spirit. A duty is laid upon us all to understand, as far as we can, the situation in which humanity now finds itself and the dangers and the hopes to which it gives rise. We require most desperately more men and women who have the old-fashioned virtue of benevolence, caring for the welfare of all mankind, and who have the right to an opinion on what ought to be done. The human world can easily be wrecked by panic-stricken fanatics; it can be guided towards life and good by men who are deeply concerned but calm and understanding.

You and I: what, after all, can we do? How little we matter in the welter of world movements! But if everyone who is both Christian and wise took that line and gave up the struggle, the day would be lost already. Let us at least be sure that our voices and influence, however feeble they may seem, are on the side of life and good. We can ask ourselves whether we care enough about the kind of world our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will have to live in.

Among all the doubts and possibilities, the Christian has one unshaken hope. However the course of history goes, the Kingdom of God, the little flame of love and good will never be extinguished. Even if the hope for a peaceful growth of mankind into the fullness of Christ is frustrated and civilisation totters and collapses, the Kingdom will remain. It will triumph, either through the fires of judgement or through the converting power of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of men. There is one question which we can answer here and now. Am I on its side; am I of it, a part of it; has the reign of God begun in my heart and life?

—Home Service

Après la Guerre

(continued from page 1035)

Two of the men married Frenchwomen. One is still living in France, in the mining district in which we fought. The other brought his wife to London and I have heard their grown-up children tease their mother because she cannot speak English perfectly. The ties with the north of France are close and warm. Visits are frequently exchanged. The husband, Bill, is a lively cockney bus driver and occasionally the French and English families meet for a holiday in Paris, and Bill claims it is he who takes the party round and shows them the sights. One of the smart butchers is a devotee of the open road and an enthusiast for camping from a three-wheeler; he travels all over the country and is scrupulous about rubbish. 'Only way you tell we've bin on a site is, the grass is greener where we've emptied our chemical closet'.

I meet them now at least every year. There are about fifty or sixty who gather, but it was not until fifteen years after the war ended that the first meeting was arranged. My belief is that any time before that would have been too soon for us. We look at each other, remembering incidents now nearly forty years past, but no, not quite sure of the detail, or perhaps even which person it was. We seem to think that time has dealt lightly with us, but it is odd to notice that we are all much more of an age than we were. Few are under sixty and most are still working. It is the daily life and its amusements which occupy us. The medals only come out for Remembrance Day, and for this reunion, and the conversations are as much about today as the day before yesterday.

I don't think we could be picked out from a crowd, either from appearance, or habits or opinions; we have faded away successfully and the difficulties of those first years after 1918 have been submerged. Few would be able to put into words what they felt then; but it has not been quite forgotten.—Home Service



Contributions last week towards the Field-Marshal Sir John Harding Fund. On December 10 he imposed a ban on wires there had been cut



Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore, arriving at the Colonial Office on December 10. He has been having discussions with the Government on the agenda for the conference to be held next spring on the future of the colony



Right: Admiral Sir Michael Denny who has retired as Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, leaving his flagship, H.M.S. *Apollo* (moored in the Pool of London), on December 10 to be rowed ashore by his officers



caused by a fire at the Admiralty on the Old Building were gutted; others by 200 firemen fought the flames

Progress being made in the restoration of 'The Temple of Stone' in the ancient Agora of Athens, destroyed in A.D. 267 but as much as being incorporated in the new building, built by hand as in the ancient manner



A photograph taken on the Perth-Blairgowrie road last weekend after the first heavy snow of the winter had fallen. In the north-east Highlands several roads were blocked

Left: a crowded scene in Oxford Street, London, last week as Christmas shopping approached its climax

Party Political Broadcast

The Government's Economic Policy

By Dr. the Rt. Hon. CHARLES HILL, M.P., Postmaster-General

WHY do you politicians use such blessed long words? You talk about inflation, disinflation, balance of payments, incentives, disincentives—and a host of other complicated words. I don't know whether you understand what the words mean, because I don't and I bet millions of others don't.

Well, this is the sort of thing I get thrown at me at home—the sort of domestic blast. And here's another question I get: 'When the country was doing badly in 1951, stern steps were necessary. Of course they were. After all, the socialists left the country in a mess and something had to be done about it. And everyone with any sense understood that. But now you tell us the country's doing well, more people at work, production rising, highest standard of living ever, and still steps are necessary to put the country right. Now, can you explain that?' Well, I've had that question and I must try and answer it. I'll do my best.

But let me first plead guilty that politicians of all parties have got into the habit of teasing us with tongue-twisters, of using long words where short ones will do. And I'll try not to tonight.

Now, every week in this country we grow enough food to keep us for four days of the week. The other three days' food we must bring in from abroad. And we must earn that food by swapping goods we make for the food we can't grow. No exports, no food—it's really as simple as that. After all, the world doesn't owe us our food. In raw materials it's even worse. A year or two ago we could say that we needed to import practically all our raw materials except one—coal. Today, we need to import practically all our raw materials, including some coal. In fact, it takes all our exports of motor-cars to swap for the coal we're importing. Just think of it—all the magnificent efforts of our motor industry—Luton included—in selling their cars abroad, all of it is needed to buy the coal we're importing, despite the fact that coal is here deep down under our own country.

Anyway, we've got to import nearly half our food, and practically all our raw materials, to keep this country alive and kicking. And whatever your politics, you can't get away from that one. Fail in this job of exporting and we'd have less employment, less food, less goods—well, less everything that goes to make a decent standard of living. And in the last few years we've been doing jolly well at swapping what we make for what we need. At the same time, we've had more people at work than ever before, better wages, better food, more television sets, more houses, more spending all round—and there's nothing wrong, goodness knows, in living better. That's the object of the exercise.

But some months ago we were, as a country, beginning to do ourselves a bit too proud. We were using up a little too much at home and leaving a little too little to export abroad. Well, you may ask, does that matter? We had a bad enough time in the years after the war. It's only in the last three or four years that we've found our feet. Don't we deserve a little spree, a modest binge, a giddy burst?

Well, the snag is, of course, that we've just got to keep our exports up in order to keep up our standard of living. If we had all our raw materials here, if we grew all our food here, it wouldn't

matter twopence. But we don't, and there it is.

Think what happens when we send too little abroad. We don't pay our way. For a while we go on bringing in food and raw materials that we can't quite pay for with the goods we're sending out. So we dip into our savings, into our kitty, and the world sees us doing it. And they begin to say 'Is this customer slipping? Can he go on like this? Is he going into the red?'

Well, you know what the local butcher does if he's a bit doubtful about the customer's capacity to pay. He asks for spot cash and no tick. He'd rather sell his meat to somebody else than to a doubtful payer. He loses his confidence in his customer. Ah, but does it matter if the world loses its confidence in a country? As long as its money is good, what does it matter whether it's paying from earnings or savings? The trouble, I'm afraid, is that it does matter.

Look at a pound note. Oh, it's only a bit of paper. But what it says on it is that the Bank of England promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of one pound. And that's what we pay for our goods with—with pound notes, with promises to pay. They're good enough for us and they're good enough for our customers. But, you know, if the foreigner offered a number of these promises to pay, if he were to become a bit doubtful of our capacity to pay, he might say that he'd rather have somebody else's money than our pounds. After all, he likes dealing with certs. And if we don't want the pound to weaken in the markets of the world, we must see to it that people like the colour of our money. You know you can't put your fingers to your nose at the world when the very life of your country depends on trading with the world—and on the world's confidence in you.

Well, that brings me to this. Some months ago we began to use up a little too much at home and to leave a little too little for abroad. Oh, there wasn't much in it—it was an amber light if not a red one. But that's why the Chancellor took steps to put things right. Unlike the socialists he didn't wait until we'd got into a crisis: he got to work at once. That was his job and he did it. Mind you, it's not an easy thing to persuade people to buy a little less at home so that we can export a little more abroad. They're apt to tell you to mind your own business. You can't just boss people about. But how, then, do you discourage people from spending? What would you have done if you had been Chancellor and knew that this country's prosperity depended on people spending a little less at home?

Now, some of the over-spending this year hasn't been by individuals but by local authorities and nationalised industries and firms. It's been on new factories, new machinery, new vehicles, new equipment. Well, I can imagine what comes to your mind. You're thinking that's very useful spending. And, of course, it is. But you can overdo the good things of this world, and we were overdoing that one a bit: just a bit.

Much of this spending was being done, quite properly done, on borrowed money, loans from the bank, from the market. So Mr. Butler made borrowing a little dearer so that people would do what was really necessary. He put up the interest rate and asked the banks to lend a bit less. That's the so-called squeeze. A new meaning for an old word. It involved a little less

being done with borrowed money, a little less being done on tick. Oh, don't misunderstand me—I'm not condemning tick. But you can have too much tick, just as you can have too much anything else. So, to discourage some tick, the Chancellor made hire purchase a tiny bit more difficult. Goodness knows, the 'never-never' can be sensible enough. The slate can be a very useful bit of furniture. Most of us have used it at one time or another. I certainly have. But, you know, it is, in fact, buying something with the money you haven't yet got, you haven't yet earned, with the work you haven't yet done. It's living on the future, and a bit too much hire purchase was one of the things that led us to a bit too much buying. After all, you know, it's not very shocking to ask people to pay cash down, a third of the amount before they have the article.

And then purchase tax was put up, put up by about one-fifth for most articles. Why was that done? Well, put yourself in the position of the Chancellor again. You want people to buy a little less. One way, of course, would be to order people to use less, to buy less; to tell them that they can't have more than so much and done with it. That's to go back to rationing, to controls, to allocations, to getting somebody else's permission for buying this or for doing that. And that's the socialist way. But it's not our way of doing things. After all, we got rid of rationing and we want to see the back of rationing and controls for ever in time of peace.

Another way is by saving. That's really the best way of all. If we could each save a little more we should soon see the results in more confidence in the pound. More saving means less inflation—oh, there, I'm using the blessed word—but, still, it means less inflation and more for the rainy day. But the only other way to do it is by discouraging people from buying too much, while leaving them free to choose what they want, by putting a little on purchase tax: a little more on the price so that for the same amount of money less goods are bought. Oh, I can almost hear someone saying this. 'You tell us that inflation causes prices to rise; you tell us that the Government is determined to deal with the inflation so as to stop prices rising, and you promptly put up prices a bit by increasing purchase tax. What's the sense in that?' Well, here it is.

Spending too much at home not only means too few goods to go abroad. It can also mean too much scrambling for the goods that we've got at home—money chasing the goods. That means inflation, and up go the prices. It's inflation which is our enemy—inflation which hits the man or woman on a fixed income, including the pensioner. Though it may not look like it at first, it's the fixed income man who's standing to gain most by the steps to beat inflation; including the increase in the purchase tax. A little on the saucepan to get more in the saucepan—that's what it amounts to.

Politicians, you know, love to be loved whatever their party. Popularity is their bread-and-butter. Applause brings joy to their hearts. And of course Mr. Butler is no exception. But it's to his eternal credit that he'd the courage to do the unpleasant and to do it swiftly and early, before you and I tumbled to the fact that there was anything wrong. To walk down the High Street on a Saturday you wouldn't think there

was anything wrong. And there isn't much wrong. But the Chancellor kept his eye on the books; he knew that something wasn't quite right, that something needed to be done—and, what's more, he did it.

You know, there's an awful lot of exaggeration about how it's hurting. And criticism comes pretty oddly from a socialist party that when in government landed this country into a crisis every other year; that left us galloping to bankruptcy when it was turned out of office in 1951. And, speaking of 1951, do you remember the socialist Budget of that year? All rates of income taxes up by sixpence. Purchase tax up on cars, wireless sets, refrigerators. Petrol tax up, entertainment tax up. Charges on teeth and specs. And all this by that self-same Mr. Gaitskell who now has the nerve to attack Mr. Butler.

You know, the socialists have been smacking their lips over this year's troubles, one rivalling another in bitterness of attack on the Chancellor. But, between ourselves of course, what's really going on is an almighty scramble for Mr. Attlee's job. Oh, I know it's a little fun and games that we can understand, but we're not misled by it.

Let's remember what has happened since 1951. This country brought from bankruptcy to boom in the four years since the Conservatives took over. Rationing ended, higher pensions and national assistance, taxation down, the houses built, this country now brought to the highest standard of living that it's ever enjoyed. That's the record, and now we can add to it. We're thinking of the future, while the socialists are going back to school to find out what socialism really means. And it's a three-year job, they tell us, to find out what they really stand for. And in the meantime we're getting on with the job—with the job of creating more wealth for people to share.

But inflation could muck up all our plans, and we can't let that happen. Let's take our medicine with a smile. When we've got the system right, then resume the steady climb that we've been making in the last four years. Mind you, all the Government is doing to end inflation, to strengthen the pound, to get us on the upward climb again, it could be brought to nothing. If more and more wages—that is, more than are justified by the facts, or by increases in production—if they're claimed and got; if more and more money—for it's not all wages—chases

the same amount of goods, back will come the inflation and up will go the prices. We could sink ourselves by our own folly. No wonder the Chancellor is asking for reasonable restraint on wage claims and the distributing of profits.

Now, one final word. The people of this country returned Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister last May because they thought he was the best man for the job, and they were right. They thought that he and his colleagues were the best people to look after this country's affairs. After all, they tried both lots since the war and they knew which they preferred. They'd no use for a party split down the middle and slit up the side. They wanted a united team to do the job. And what I've been telling you is no tale of gloom. I suppose we've got a bit of a hangover after too good a time—and a dose of medicine is putting it right. But we've got the men with the courage to do what's needed, with the guts to govern, even if now and again it hurts. And no socialist tub-thumping is going to put them off. And this time, as last time, we're going to do our best to see to it that this country becomes an even more prosperous and happier place than it is now. That's saying something, I know, but I mean it.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Chinese Government and the U.N.

Sir.—Mr. George Dallas would like to know what principles the United Nations Association supports and where it stands with regard to Formosa and the representation of China in the United Nations. As Chairman of the Association's Executive Committee may I reply that we stand for the principles of the Charter, and believe it to be of great importance that the rules of the Charter should be fairly applied and not twisted to the advantage of any one power or group of powers.

At its last meeting our General Council, by a very large majority, declared that the pretensions of General Chiang Kai-shek's administration to be the government of China could not be supported, and urged H.M. Government to use all its influence '(a) to secure the representation of China in the United Nations by the Government of the Peoples' Republic of China; (b) to bring about an immediate "ceasefire" and the restoration to China of Matsu, Quemoy, and other off-shore islands; and (c) to secure a peaceful settlement [of the Formosan problem] which might provide for placing Formosa under the control of the United Nations for a period of not more than five or ten years, for the disbanding of General Chiang Kai-shek's forces, and for a final decision on the status of the island which would have regard to the wishes of its own people'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

L. O. LYNE

Sir.—Since Mr. Dallas still maintains that I wish 'to hand over the people of Formosa to the communists' will you allow me further space to say that I do not believe our country or any other has the right to hand over the people of Formosa to the communists or anyone else. I thought Mr. Dallas was himself anxious that not one drop of British or any other foreign blood should be shed in this still unfinished war between the Government of China on the mainland and General Chiang Kai-shek's army on

Formosa. That is certainly my own view. But I believe the ideal solution would be one that allowed the people of Formosa to decide, free from all interference by General Chiang Kai-shek, what they would like their own future to be.

I was very much interested in the account Mr. Dallas gave of the Chinese civil war. It would certainly be interesting to know what proportion of the communists' arms came from Russia, was captured from the Japanese or from the Nationalists, or came originally from America and was brought over to Mao Tse-tung's side by nationalist divisions that transferred their allegiance to his cause. I would myself attribute the success of the Peoples' Republic of China not so much to the strength of its armaments as to the fact that the whole country was weary of the private feuds of rival war-lords and the corruption of the old regime. But all this is irrelevant to the main issue.

The United Nations is not an anti-capitalist or anti-communist crusade but an organisation in which states with widely differing social, economic, and political systems have equal rights as well as equal obligations. The Charter gives China a seat in the United Nations. The Government of the Peoples' Republic of China is the only effective government of that country today. Our own Government has recognised it since January 1950. It is surely time that we ceased to flout the clear intentions of the Charter and voted for China to be represented in the United Nations by its own Government and not the old regime.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

CHARLES JUDD

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

The Arrogance of Austerity

Sir.—Ideally, all progress is good. Theoretically, nothing but benefits accrue from increased material prosperity—which is to say that above all the body benefits. For Mr. Anthony Crosland (THE LISTENER, December 8) this would appear

to be sufficient justification of materialism.

Were corporal gratification and comfort the main business of life, well and good. But we cannot dismiss the triad of other lives, namely the spiritual, social, and mental—all of which owe their health to subtler influences than the washing-machine, cellophane-wrapped cabbage, and the car. We cannot sincerely talk of 'arrogant austerity' without considering that prosperity also can be arrogant in sweeping aside non-marketable values. Undoubtedly asceticism can be equally damaging to the triad as over-indulgence, but this does not justify the latter nor provide any reason for supposing that because the ideal is virtuous, the realities of the pursuit of prosperity are equally virtuous and beneficent.

It seems to me that Mr. Crosland sees unconditional truth in the hypothesis that whatever gratifies the senses must be good for mind and spirit. Vices, of course, provide extreme gratification, and I notice he displays commendable faith in mankind by nowhere alluding to the possibility of inordinate indulgence, as if, indeed, he were certain that sensuality were not a risk closely attendant upon all pursuits of material gain and comfort.

Ideally, increased wages could be expended in easing domestic drudgery and so forth, but we have reason to believe they are more often expended on television sets, by which are we to presume children's lives—adults' too for that matter—are to be bettered?

As I see it, 'personal discontents' cannot be separated from their environment, which, taking material society to be that surround, is notoriously lacking in peace, satisfaction, or contentment, despite the extensive material advances of the past few decades. Surely it is fatuous to say that no harm can come of present-day materialistic trends when so many evidences of present and imminent harm abound, particularly with regard to the national culture, and the lack of anything remotely resembling public opinion—for instance, on so vastly important a question as capital punishment, which, despite the recent,



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by no means tumultuous, outcry on the part of a small number of individuals, has already largely receded from public notice?

Rarely, in fact, can a public have been as somnolent and passive. And I fully expect this cave-like calm to get profounder until we finally arrive at the stage when government will consist of an Oligarchy of Thinkers, nothing so homely as the House of Commons and M.P.s. For increasing thoughtlessness throughout the nation is inevitable if our way of life continues to develop along present lines.

My memory does not go back many years, but I am doubtful whether even material poverty could have been responsible for, far less be the necessary adjunct to, the founding of something like the modern popular press. Where did its founders obtain their capital? From the newborn prosperity, I think, which also munificently sustains it.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.2

B. D. STRONG

The Retirement Pension

Sir,—Liability to income-tax should not be ignored in considering the 'earnings rule' for retired pensioners (Mr. Abel-Smith's talk, THE LISTENER, December 8).

In a discussion in a W.E.A. class recently, a member told us that in his experience, men reaching the age of sixty-five, who were able to work, preferred the right to have an increased deferred pension to pension and earnings now.

To draw pension and earnings would make them liable to heavier taxation now, i.e., they would be deprived of the full right to the pension in one way if not in another—without the option of drawing additional, untaxed, pension when advanced years compelled them to give up work altogether.

Yours, etc.,

Richmond ENID K. HUTCHINSON

British Historical Writing on India

Sir,—THE LISTENER of December 8, in addition to Mr. Abel-Smith's talk and my comment on it, contains the full text of Professor C. H. Philips' talk on 'British Historical Writing on India'. I listened with great interest to nearly all of this talk also, having, to be frank, the possibility in mind that it might mention the *Comprehensive History of India* in three volumes, published in 1862 by my grandfather, Henry Beveridge. As it did not do so, but as the concluding words of this history appear to me to be closely relevant to the concluding sections of Professor Philips' talk as published, I hope you will allow me to make a comment on this talk also.

My grandfather, in his final paragraph, began by disposing of the argument that attempts to raise standards of education and religion in India, if successful, would inevitably destroy British rule; such selfishness was out of date. He went on to emphasise the new policy just announced of replacing the East India Company by direct rule from Britain, with a view to doing justice to India. He ended as follows:

... Should the effect be to enable her to dispense with our tutelage, we shall have the satisfaction of seeing that we ourselves have been the willing instruments of her emancipation; while she, even in severing the political ties by which she is now bound to us, will not forget how much she shall then owe to us for the enlightened and generous policy which gradually prepared her for freedom. Should the day ever come that India, in consequence of the development of her resources by British capital, and the enlightenment of her people by British philanthropy, shall again take rank among the nations as an independent state, then it will not be too much to say, that the extinction of our Indian empire by such peaceful means sheds more lustre

on the British name than all the other events recorded in its history.

My grandfather, like Mill, wrote his history without ever personally visiting India. But he was not without personal contacts. His youngest son, my father, in 1857 followed Henry Elliot in heading the list of 'competition wallahs', and from the beginning to the end of his thirty-five years in India was inspired by Indian sympathies, and must have communicated them to Henry Beveridge the elder. And like Elliot my father devoted his life to the study of Indian history and languages.

My father, of course, was only one of those going from Britain to administer India who took as their aim the restoration of their adopted country to full freedom. Not all the historians of India, other than Elphinstone, had the attitude of Mill, and not all the Civil Servants were like Sir William Hunter. India has owed her independence today not wholly to her unaided efforts but also to the undying liberalism of Britain.

That is the comment that I feel should be added to Professor Philips' talk.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford BEVERIDGE

Understanding America

Sir,—Mr. Lindsay in his contribution towards the understanding of America (THE LISTENER, December 1) has made a number of statements which are quite correct yet which in *toto* present a picture which is out of focus. Many Americans are well informed on Europe and Great Britain as many British people are well informed on the U.S.A., but on both sides there is a considerable amount of ignorance of the other country, notwithstanding the balance of the tourist traffic in favour of the U.S.A.

It is true that America is the foremost egalitarian country in the world but there is also considerable truth in the old quip that Americans are all equal but some are more equal than others. There is superiority by blood, whether brought over in the *Mayflower* or split at the Alamo, there is superiority by earned income and superiority by racial group. The Americans have the equality to consult the same doctor or dentist or lawyer—if they have the money. Social security is becoming more widespread especially with the efforts of the A.F. of L./C.I.O. but millions of Americans are still in the position of being socially insecure in the face of the high cost of medical services.

Whilst few would wish to argue the fact that the U.S.A. has reached an advanced stage of development, there is a great deal still to be done, as most Americans themselves are only too aware. Uncritical eulogies of America to British audiences tend to minimise the great difficulties which have been and remain to be overcome.—Yours, etc.,

Aberystwyth

ALAN CONWAY

Background Music for Television

Sir,—As we have from time to time been chastised by Mr. Reginald Pound for our intemperate use of background music in factual programmes, may we please make some general observations? We agree that background music can be obtrusive and a nuisance. But the misuse of a facility is no case for its abolition, and we would argue that the discreet use of music is fully justified:

(a) Behind film sequences photographed with a silent camera which do not lend themselves to the recording of 'natural effects'. Music, wisely chosen, is better than silence; indeed, silence can be a good deal 'louder' than music. It should be remembered, of course, that as far as possible the 'story' should be told in pictures, with commentary reduced to a pointed minimum; to fill

the silence with music is usually neater than to fill it with needless verbiage.

(b) To produce a specific dramatic effect—the sharp chord at the right moment, and so on.

(c) To help in the creation of a 'mood'. The music here must be complementary to the pictures—how otherwise do we deal, for instance, with a sequence of fighting ants? Ants are careless enough to fight in silence, so they fail to present us with natural sound. Most of the sequence is self-explanatory, so there is no need of commentary. But the right music can add in its own way to the visual impression of busy industry.

(d) Silence can be dramatic in itself but the dramatic effect of silence cannot be achieved without the juxtaposition of sound. In this context music can often achieve a contrast which would not be apparent with the use of natural sound only.

(e) Behind titles—especially opening titles; a factual programme which follows a Variety show needs music to break the mood, and music under these circumstances is more than an alternative to silence.

We believe, with Mr. Pound, that background music in factual programmes should be used sparingly, otherwise it might be the only unrealistic thing in a realistic presentation. On the whole, it is fair to say that if the audience feels the music to be obtrusive, then the music is wrong—this is even true of music used for a dramatic effect: the viewer should be conscious of the drama without being aware of the method of its achievement.

Music is one of the devices available to television producers. In asking us to cut it down Mr. Pound is preaching to the converted. But he will never persuade us to cut it out altogether. Good television is the right combination of image and sound in the context of the programme's purpose, and music is one form of available sound. It should not be banned, but it should be used with artistic intelligence.

That is how we try to use it. Mr. Pound, as a critic, is always entitled to tell us when we fail.

Yours, etc.,

ANTHONY DE LOTBINIERE
DAVID ATTENBOROUGH
JOHN READ
NORMAN SWALLOW

Television Service, B.B.C.

The Reith Lectures

Sir,—It would have been unfair to criticise the sixth of the lectures, 'The Englishness of English Art', without having read the text of the seventh. Dr. Pevsner stated in the sixth lecture:

... it was England that led Europe away from the landscape arranged with carefully disposed masses and towards the atmospheric landscape. That Claude Lorraine in Rome and such Dutchmen as Cuyp had done much the same in the seventeenth century need not detain us here.

Later, he quotes the English garden as being typical of English Art. He says:

I suggest that the English garden is English in a number of ways, all profoundly significant.

In support of this argument he quotes Lord Shaftesbury. Yet his Lordship's inspiration came from one of the very painters that Dr. Pevsner dismisses in a sentence—Claude Lorraine. For the work of Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, and Nicholas and Caspar Poussin had greatly impressed Lord Shaftesbury when he was in Italy from 1686 to 1689. In fact, the words 'even the rude rocks, the mossy caverns...', and 'broken falls of water' could well be a description of the paintings of Salvator Rosa.

What is even more important is that the first exponent of the English landscape art, William Kent, also studied in Rome and was deeply influenced by these same painters. He tried to create in England in reality the scenes that he had studied in Rome on canvas. And William Kent was the forerunner of Batty Langley,

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The English garden is a typically English compromise: not a basically English creation. There are many contributions from many countries—the development of Le Nôtre's work, the influence of Chinese gardens (more important than Dr. Pevsner suggests), the introduction of new plants from America—but, most important of all, the first seeds were sown in the minds of Lord Shaftesbury and William Kent by pictures of the Italian countryside painted in Rome by Frenchmen.

Yours, etc.,
Woking FREDERICK STREET

Sir,—Dr. Pevsner's Reith Lectures have given pleasure and new insight to many hearers and readers. Inevitably there have been many disputable judgements in them. Dr. Pevsner recognises that he has been pioneering, and, moreover, pioneering in a sphere of study which bristles with special problems of individualisms, cross-influences, and, worst of all, what he himself calls 'polarities'—a concept which in less honest minds than his could make the exceptions prove any rule. It is to be hoped that controversy on these relatively minor points will not obscure Dr. Pevsner's two substantial achievements: first, he has shown that there is an 'Englishness of English art', and, secondly, he has made a beginning of an analysis of it.

Just at present it is very important that such a study should be made—and then backed up by similar studies of other traditions, and then that these individual studies should be brought together in a comparison of the varied traditions of art the world over and their cross-influences. At present the great increase in the contacts of races and cultures, combined with the worldwide spread of new techniques such as ferro-concrete building, hastens the crumbling of separate traditions: yet the rise of many nationalisms makes the emergence of new styles faltering and uneasy in many parts of the world. The result is chaos, and this most of all in just those areas where a new artistic life could be springing out of the excitement of fresh contacts.

What will emerge out of this? And how, meanwhile, ought, say in India, a missionary to build a church, a business firm build an office, a painter react to Picasso, a film director commission his music? To put it another way: what national traditions are doomed to be mere copying, what modernisms mere displays of rootlessness, what compromises invalid: and which, on the other hand, have the power of development in them? These are problems posed by our age: not much study has yet been done on them: we need much more. I am not suggesting that in art theory could ever fully guide practice or prescribe in advance what creative novelties will emerge: but if we could get at clearer thoughts about culture-contacts on the civilised level, we might be able to end the present confusion which is so excessive as to be sterile. We could avoid some dead-ends, and experiment more intelligently: and then our new One World might come to a new and rich relation of cultures.

Yours, etc.,
Sowerby Bridge J. F. BUTLER

The Eleven-plus Examination

Sir,—I find it strange that all your correspondents who have commented upon Sir Graham Savage's criticism of eleven-plus selection examinations should have missed the central fallacy in the whole procedure. For them the argument centres on discovering the best method of predicting at eleven what a child's intellectual status will be at (say) fifteen years of age. But the essential point is that the child's intellectual

stature is not determined just prior to taking the eleven-plus examination. On the contrary it is largely determined as a result of taking the examination. Those children who are, as a result of the tests, sent to the intellectually stimulating atmosphere of the grammar school will make steady, but rapid, intellectual progress. Those who go to the secondary modern school, where, usually, the children will be presented with no effective incentives to learn and to achieve high scholastic standards, will vegetate intellectually. When Dr. Watts comes along to do his research designed to discover, by observation of the children at fifteen, how efficient in prediction was the eleven-plus selection examination, he will find it reasonably accurate. How could it be otherwise? But selection with a pin would also be 'reasonably accurate' for the resulting segregation of the children would make it so. So the researchers are arguing about mere experimental artefacts.

Incidentally, the same false reasoning leads other correspondents to assume that it is beyond argument that only a small proportion of children can profit by a 'thorough secondary school education'.

How on earth then do numerous advanced European and American states succeed in giving all but the mentally defective, advanced secondary (grammar!) education? Are we English congenitally stupid? I refuse to accept this libel.

Yours, etc., JOHN C. DANIELS
Nottingham

Sir,—I wonder whether too much relative importance is attached in eleven-plus examinations to the assessment of intelligence, unrelated to other qualities. Surely pure intelligence, like pure science, is morally neutral: there are, presumably, plenty of intelligent people in Her Majesty's prisons and Borstal institutions.

Two other qualities of great importance for grammar school selection are a child's disposition—his capacity to co-operate with his teachers—and his imagination.

The idea (which has, I believe, been tried by one education authority) of interviewing the parents of eleven-plus candidates seems an admirable one: to a discriminating interviewer the parents will frequently give a better idea than the child of the latter's chances of benefiting from grammar school education.

As for imagination, we were reminded in THE LISTENER a few weeks ago that 'if we want to end tribalism and help our nations to live together in peace and amity, there is nothing more important than to cultivate our imagination' (Mr. R. M. Hare's second talk on 'Ethics and Politics', October 20).

I am far from proposing the removal of arithmetical and intelligence tests from the eleven-plus examination; but neither of those can tell us much about this quality, supremely important in a moral citizen, of imagination. The handiest instrument for assessing a child's imagination is the English composition.

Special consideration for the English composition and interviews with candidates' parents seem to me very desirable in the selection of grammar school pupils.—Yours, etc.,

Reigate L. SHERWOOD

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

'The Shield of Achilles'

Sir,—It is not likely that W. H. Auden's line 'We must love one another or die' (unhappily misquoted in Mr. Hilary Corke's review of *The Shield of Achilles*, THE LISTENER, December 1) could have been widely read in the 'thirties as he seems to suggest. I am sure he knows that it comes from the poem 'September 1st, 1939', first published in book form,

in England, in June 1940. Quite understandably, many people did find it difficult, at that time, to judge purely aesthetically a poem beginning 'I sit in one of the dives On Fifty Second street . . .'. Mr. Corkie is of course entirely justified in attacking the rabid patriot-critic. What I find so puzzling is that Auden left out the whole verse in his American edition, *Collected Poetry* (Random House, 1945)

All I have is a voice
To undo the folded lie,
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual man-in-the-street
And the lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police;
We must love one another or die.

It seems to me a pity that many of his American readers may never know that these splendid lines exist.—Yours, etc.,

Rye PATRIC DICKINSON

Mid-European Culture

Sir,—Those interested in what can still be known by indirect and comparative studies about the beliefs and state of civilisation of early Indo-European speakers should read the books of M. Georges Dumézil who is almost alone in his systematic examination of the whole field. Many of his results are contested, but the subject as a coherent whole may be said to be almost his personal creation. Readers will find his principal views resumed in two books for the general public, *L'Heritage Indo-Européen à Rome* (Gallimard, 1949, 265 frs.), and *Les Dieux des Indo-Européens* (Presses Universitaires de France, 1952, 300 frs.). M. Dumézil makes relatively little use of surviving folk-lore and bases his researches mainly on comparative philology and a comparative study of what is known of the already differentiated forms of polytheism and religious institutions of Vedic India, early Persia, pagan Scandinavia, pagan Ireland, ancient Rome, and other similar sources. Greek paganism plays a much smaller part, since so much of Hellenic religion appears to have been Mediterranean rather than Indo-European.

Yours, etc.,
Paris D. R. GILLIE

Wolf-Ferrari's 'Sly'

Sir,—Permit me to append a footnote to Mr. Scott Goddard's article (THE LISTENER, December 8). Your readers may be interested to know that previous to the opera, Forzano's fine libretto existed as a prose play which had enjoyed great success in Italy and also came to London for a short run in the summer of 1921 when it was given at the New Theatre. The name-part was taken by Matheson Lang, whose attention to the Italian play had been drawn by Puccini's English friend, Mrs. Sybil Seligman.

It would appear, incidentally, that Forzano had originally fashioned his Shakespearean material into a verse drama and in this form submitted it to Puccini in 1920.

Yours, etc.,
Carbis Bay MOSCO CARNER

Granville Barker

Sir,—Professor Dover Wilson is wrong. Barker owed everything to Shaw, the success of whose comedies kept the Vedrenne-Barker management afloat. Without them the undertaking would have closed down in a month or two. Further, it was Shaw, not Barker, who produced the Shawian plays and proved that they were actable. These are not matters of opinion, but of fact.—Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE younger figurative painters in France can be divided into two schools. One of these is well-known in this country—the school which claims to derive its inspiration from the realism of Courbet, though superficially it owes more to van Gogh: its leaders are Minaux and Rebeyrolle, and its immediate predecessor, who is not always acknowledged as such, is Bernard Lorjou. The other school comprises the followers of the late Francis Gruber (1912-1948), an expressionist-realist painter of genius with a distinctive yet complex style whose origins are difficult to unravel. In so far as this school is known to us here, it is known mainly through painters who have deliberately stylised and stiffened Gruber's style, such as Buffet, who has schematised it into a kind of grim decoration, and Carzou, who has put it into fancy dress and fitted it with footlights.

The first London exhibition of Roger Lersy, now showing at the Matthiesen Gallery, gives us an opportunity to study the work of a young follower of Gruber (born in 1920) who has captured something of the spirit as well as the letter, preserving the fluency of Gruber's handling and trying, as Gruber did, to preserve the atmosphere proper to the subject. It is, in fact, his sense of atmosphere that commends Lersy—especially the atmosphere of those outlying, unpromising parts of Paris that we run into on our way from the airport.

And yet, though an aspect of reality has been sensitively apprehended and competently re-created, it has not suffered that transfiguration which alters our awareness of reality at the very moment of capturing it. These pictures are true, but not as a poem is true. Lersy is an honest painter who has surely deserved his success at home in winning a notable prize in each of the last three years. But still he seems to me to be one of those perfectly sound French painters who are not really exportable, because there is something rather pointless about the reasonableness and professionalism of French art when it is not qualified by sheer greatness.

And this, I think, is where we have it over the French—that while we produce hardly any painters touched with greatness, we produce more painters who are interesting, because a merely good English artist is more rewarding than a merely good French artist by virtue of his greater eccentricity. A case in point is afforded by the exhibition of Bateson Mason at the Leicester Galleries (which are also housing drawings of China by Paul Hogarth and some pleasantly irreverent observations by Edward Ardizzone). Mason, as it happens, has none of the endearing amateurishness of many English painters; furthermore, his pictorial language is not especially original, being or seeming to be an amalgam of John Minton's and Edward Bawden's. Nevertheless, a truly idiosyncratic feeling pervades his magic patterns of architectural detail and gives them a weird authenticity. Thus, while these paintings are not as good as Lersy's they leave more of a mark.

At the St. George's Gallery, the antithesis of French professionalism v. English eccentricity is exemplified under one roof, but here the former is seen at its most inspired, the latter at its most amateurish.

Adrian Morris' paintings are so obviously sincere and well-intentioned that one hesitates to criticise them adversely, yet they are so devoid of either acquired or instinctive pictorial culture that they seem almost out of place in a gallery. In the adjacent room are the coloured woodcuts by Derain made for a *de luxe* edition of *Pantagruel*. Nowhere did Derain reveal more brilliantly than here his true professional's gift of successfully turning his hand to anything he pleased. Still more remarkable, however, than the technical and stylistic virtuosity of these woodcuts is the fecundity of their comic invention and the radiance of their gaiety. These woodcuts are not easy to come by, because few copies of the book

have been broken up, and considering their reasonable cost I cannot conceive of nicer presents for Christmas—provided, of course, that having bought some you can bring yourself to part with them.

The *Pantagruel* woodcuts belong to the same corner of Derain's œuvre as his designs for the ballet. To call these to mind whilst visiting the Sophie Fedorovitch Memorial Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum is to be reminded afresh of the ramifications of the French-English anti-

thesis. Not that Sophie Fedorovitch was English by birth. But she surely must have had a remarkable affinity with the English, for she seems to have played a part in the development of British ballet rather analogous to Benois' part in that of the Diaghilev ballet. And there is certainly something very English about the way in which her designs were generally more interesting as ideas than in realisation. In saying this, I am taking into account the fact that what she put down on paper does her less than justice, because 'her designs when submitted to paper were only a point from which to depart', as Frederick Ashton reminds us in the excellent catalogue that Carol Hogben has prepared.

But even when criticism is based upon the design as realised on the stage, it seems to me that, for example, the abstract backcloth for Ashton's 'Symphonic Variations'—one of the best ideas—has none of the tautness and conviction which a French designer would have brought to the carrying-out of this idea. Her 'Madam Butterfly' for Covent Garden has for once a strength to match the invariable charm. The models at the Victoria and Albert Museum for the ill-starred Covent Garden 'Orpheus' also are certainly impressive, but one suspects that on the stage the effect may have been all too Symbolic—something that is always likely to happen to the work of a designer who, in searching for a high refinement of means, misses that elusive target, which it takes a Bérard to hit, where *chic* and aesthetic distinction somehow become one and the same.

A remarkable exhibition of Children's Art from the U.S.S.R., selected by the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences in Moscow, has begun its tour of this country at the R.W.S. Galleries. It is presented by *The Sunday Pictorial*. If he did not know this, the visitor to the exhibition might well suppose that its sponsor was the Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism, Inc.



Two coloured woodcuts by André Derain for *Pantagruel*; at the St. George's Gallery, Cork Street

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The British General Election of 1955

By D. E. Butler. Macmillan. 24s.

IT IS BARELY SIX MONTHS since Britain last went to the polls, but already impressions of the campaign have become so faint that one picks up Mr. Butler's book with a genuine curiosity. 1918 we know about. 1906 would be all too familiar. Midlothian and the pilgrimage of passion are schoolboy commonplaces. But May 1955—who did say what and where? Mr. Shinwell came as near to the blunt truth as Labour loyalty would let him:

How can anyone expect we can impart any excitement in this election when Labour is fighting a collection of shrimps? At the last election we had to fight Churchill. That was something to get our teeth into. But this time we are fighting Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Snow White won all the same—and that in face of a ninety-year-old ban against any government increasing its majority at the polls. The passage to Eden may have been unmemorable. But it was accomplished dry-shod and according to plan.

All this makes 1955 a teasing election to write about. Its historian has to try and answer essentially negative questions. Why was it so uninteresting? Why did the pendulum not swing? Why did television not usher in 1984 overnight? Mr. Butler's final verdict is sage and balanced:

The tranquillity of the campaign is not altogether to be deplored. . . . Political conflict is not an end in itself, and if the nation is now so flourishing and united that it can choose its government without the vehement clashes over policy or the bitter expressions of grievance that used to be heard, it is surely a matter for rejoicing.

Earlier, however, he makes an equally valid and more disturbing judgement: 'All through the election it was hard to avoid the impression that the two campaigns never met, and that there was an unprecedented absence of cut and thrust between the contestants'.

If an election is a debate followed by a vote, 1955 was a poor debate, just as by British standards of turnout, it was a poor vote. How and why it assumed this depressing aspect Mr. Butler analyses with thoroughness and restraint, squeezing out of his statistics the last drop of significance they contain but not reading into them more than they will bear. At several points his conclusions will (or at any rate should) modify those reached by the leader-writers in the excitement of the morning after. (Though at one point he may perhaps be misunderstood: the bonus of votes that seems to accrue to a sitting member is not necessarily evidence that the candidate, as such, makes any difference to the result.) The excellent constituency reports which his contributors have sent in from London, Lancashire, and Oxfordshire confirm these staff-room conclusions with lively evidence from the field. And the statistical material for his own analyses is now printed almost in full, in the form of tables giving, not only as in previous volumes, figures and percentages by regions, but also the turnout, swing and party percentages for every constituency.

An appendix by Mr. Harrison on the trade unions throws useful light on a sometimes neglected, sometimes exaggerated, aspect of Labour electioneering. And a chapter on the broadcasts contains the best assessment so far of the role of television (though not everyone will endorse Mr. Butler's optimistic assurance

that Gresham's law has no applicability to this medium). All in all Mr. Butler has demonstrated that dull electioneering need not mean dull reading, and that speedy publication is not incompatible with scholarly judgement. The voice of history can, it would seem, be dubbed on to the march of time.

Man on his Past. The Study of the History of Historical Scholarship By Herbert Butterfield. Cambridge. 22s. 6d.

Professor Butterfield has a unique place among contemporary writers on history (which is not the same thing as historians or writers of history) because, more than anyone else, he does not shirk the big issues—the unspoken assumptions behind historical work, which historians too often take for granted. His target is the 'technical history' which has arisen (as he emphasises) from a one-sided and mistaken interpretation of the results and methods of the German historical school of the nineteenth century; the type of history which assumes that by incessantly pursuing historical 'facts' and arranging them scientifically (or pseudo-scientifically) in order, we shall automatically arrive at a solution of the big historical problems. We could not, of course, proceed one step to-day without 'technical history'; but the essential thing is to delimit its sphere, to realise clearly what it can and what it cannot do, to relate it to 'the higher strategies of the historian' and the wider perspectives of 'universal' or 'general' history. Otherwise, instead of illuminating, our history may delude us. In some ways, in spite—or even, perhaps, because—of our sharpened techniques, we may have been progressing in the wrong direction: 'a hundred years of historical enquiry may carry students further from the truth than they were at the beginning'.

These arguments, touched upon in Professor Butterfield's earlier writings, are carried a stage further in his latest volume, which is based on lectures given in the University of Belfast. How, he asks, can we avoid the pitfalls confronting history today? One answer is to study the 'conditioning circumstances which have helped to mould the historical mind', to trace the genesis of historical ideas and movements, and thus to become aware of the limitations of our assumptions: in other words, to investigate the history of history. This is the thread which Professor Butterfield singles out in an introductory essay and then follows through from the stirrings of a new historical school at Göttingen in the closing decades of the eighteenth century to the maturity of Ranke and Acton, the two giants from whom modern history stems. Two concluding essays, the one on the origins of the Seven Years War, the other on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, are introduced to show how the history of historiography may be applied with significant results to even the stalest of themes.

It must be confessed that, as a piece of literature, Professor Butterfield's new volume does not compare with some of his earlier writings. It is a rather untidy book, written in a cumbersome style; and the thread is not easily followed from chapter to chapter. Nor is Professor Butterfield's handling of his theme so wide as his title might suggest. His observations on Acton are given added interest by lengthy and illuminating quotations from the un-

published Acton manuscripts in Cambridge; but more incisive and impressive work has appeared on Ranke since the war, and, more generally, the reader who lays this book beside Emery Neff's *Poetry of History* (1947), the discussion of nineteenth-century historiography in Cassirer's *Problems of Knowledge* (1950), or Engel-Janosi's *Growth of German Historicism* (1944), may feel that opportunities have been missed.

But the message, even if one would have liked it developing more fully and less disjointedly, is a valid one. The way Professor Butterfield blows the gaff on the technical historian's pretensions will delight the wider public and disconcert (one hopes) the historical pundit. His remarks on 'that curious and common disease which I can only call historian's blind eye', his strictures on the historian's occupational malady of poking new evidence (particularly if inconvenient) 'into the old structure', his exposure of the follies of specialisation and expertise, and his alarming revelation of the defects of the *Cambridge Modern History*, should be compulsory reading for budding historians in all the universities.

The Moon. By H. P. Wilkins and Patrick Moore. Faber. 63s.

Earth Satellite. By Patrick Moore. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

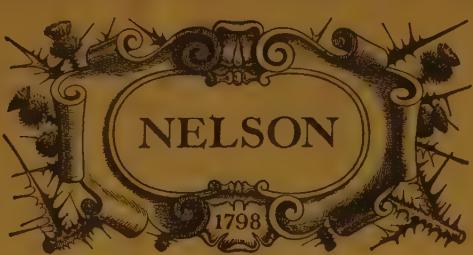
There Is Life on Mars. By the Earl Ne'son. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.

The authors of these books reflect different aspects of the current passionate interest in the possibility of visiting other planets, and the question of life on them. Dr. Wilkins, whose wonder at the moon's mysterious beauty, and sheer love of observation, have enabled him in forty years to accumulate details of the position and appearance of no less than 90,000 objects on her surface, has provided the material for a handbook, illustrated with many charts and diagrams and written in collaboration with Mr. Moore, which is indispensable for all those concerned with the moon's appearance, nature and origin. It may also prove to be a handy paints for the first human visitors who land there.

Mr. Moore has produced a very punctual outline of the American project for the launching of an earth satellite, announced at a White House press conference. He has explained the conception, aims and background of this proposal, which is the practical beginning of the exploration of space.

Earl Nelson writes as an enthusiast who has informed himself of the results of recent researches on the possibility of life on the planets, and the associated problem of the origin of life on the earth. He is not uncritical in his approach, and he has come down on the side of those experts who are inclined to believe that there is life on Mars.

Why is there this wide emotional interest in life on other worlds, and the possibilities of space-travel? The atmosphere of this subject is rather like that of alchemy just before the birth of chemistry, when technical advances raised hopes of the possibility of the transmutation of common metals into gold, and the discovery of the elixir of life, but were in fact not sufficient for achieving these aims. In short, the present technical advances are sufficient for exploration of space by unmanned satellites, but not for exploration by human space-travellers. Mean-



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While, mixed hope and frustration raises emotional excitement. When this situation occurs in branch of science it is usually followed, sooner or later, by a successful outcome. So our space-enthusiasts, or their descendants, will probably have their reward.

The English Almshouse

By W. H. Godfrey. Faber. 36s.

All over England the almshouses survive: hundreds of them altogether, and from every period. In the Middle Ages, to found an almshouse was good way of securing prayers for your soul, for this was a duty of the inmates: later there was the chance of perpetuating your name and, maybe, your coat of arms prominently displayed. But these buildings were also the product of a fine sense of social responsibility, and are a continuing witness of man's charity to man.

Mr. Godfrey's main concern is with the buildings, and architecturally many of them are charming, and a few really distinguished. The majority are designed in single blocks, with 'features' at the ends or in the centre or both. The most imposing examples, however, are planned round courtyards, or, in the case of certain medieval foundations, on the model of the monastic infirmaries, with a big hall, subdivided into cubicles, and a chapel at the far end, as can still be seen at Chichester. These are the principal plan-types, but there are many variations. The book includes no less than forty-seven admirably clear plans, and these constitute its most valuable feature. The text, in the form of a continuous essay with no subdivisions, is authoritative but, frankly, dry: it represents, Mr. Godfrey tells us, 'a mere fraction' of his material on this subject, and its compression is perhaps excessive. The hundred illustrations, though of uneven quality, are well chosen.

Café Royal: Ninety Years of Bohemia By Guy Deghy and Keith Waterhouse. Hutchinson. 21s.

The Café Royal was opened in 1865 by Daniel Thévenon, a bankrupt Frenchman who arrived in London from Paris with five pounds. He called himself Nicols, and later, when prosperity set in, treated himself to the nobiliary particle. He died some thirty years after his arrival, leaving more than half a million pounds. Among the results of his and his wife Célestine's hard work and skill were that the place became famous for the excellence of its food and wine, that it attracted an exceptional variety of customers, and that it became for many years a meeting-place for many persons engaged or hoping to be engaged in literature and the arts, and for their hangers-on, to say nothing of anarchists, bookmakers, loungers, scroungers, gourmets, bloods, pimps, eccentrics, poseurs, journalists, and nobodies.

The compilers of this book have hunted out all sort of allusions and anecdotes, especially from biographies and memoirs, and have attempted a comprehensive account of the Café's place in social history and of its frequentation by literary and artistic celebrities or notabilities. The Café was the scene of important or characteristic moments or incidents, some of them well known, in the lives of men as notable as Wilde, Whistler, Frank Harris, Beardsley, Sir Max Beerbohm, Rodin, Augustus John, Sir Jacob Epstein, D. H. Lawrence, and Ronald Firbank. Quantities of lesser names and diverse facts are adduced, and among the details likely to interest readers familiar with the Café is an explanation of the always rather puzzling Napoleonic symbols in its decoration, an account of the unsolved murder that took place there in 1894, and some quotations of 'useful phrases'

listed for the use of French anarchists living in exile in London by one of them, Charles Malato. Urbanity does not seem to have been looked for, because Malato's *expressions d'utilité courante* included *Je vous tirerai le nez, Fermez ça!* and *Sacré étranger!* These were to be pronounced *Aille ouïe poule your nose, Chatte ap!* and *Bladé foregneur!*

The authors stress that the present Café Royal 'is a very different place from the old Café' and that 'all that remains of the traditional establishment . . . is the high standard of *cuisine* and service'. They believe that 'bohemianism is obviously finished', but they bring out the significance of the Café Royal as a centre of it. Their book rightly leaves a cumulative impression of many people eating, drinking, and gossiping, but their pronouncements on literary matters are not always discriminating. It is misleading, for instance, to speak of 'the Bloomsbury man' and 'the monastic seclusion of his ivory tower'.

The Foreseeable Future. By Sir George Thomson. Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

Fifty years from now it is certain that the material side of daily life will have changed marvellously. Think of how backward materially we were a hundred years ago, ere science and technology had fully awakened for us from their pre-natal sleep. Kitchen gadgets, motors, aeroplanes, wireless, television and the atomic energy plant, were all as good as unknown then. At a gentler tempo advances in chemistry, biology, medicine and other sciences have continued with those in physics and engineering. If all goes well and the advances continue where shall we be in fifty or a hundred years time? What shall we or our descendants be like? These and similar questions are what Sir George Thomson has set himself to answer in this short, informed, stimulating book.

'Foreseeable' in the title has kept the author from indulging in utopian extravagance. He does not guess too far ahead. He knows intimately what physics and chemistry have done for us so far. He fully realises also that there are certain things Nature does not do. He is sufficiently optimistic to believe that if things are physically, chemically and biologically possible, they will be discovered and begun to be applied to life in the not-too-distant future. Talent today is very high. Enterprise is prodigious. Nothing but an annihilating war can stop our present material progress.

Sir George's encouraging verdict is that there is no lack of sources of energy in the foreseeable future. Coal and petrol may one day peter out but there will be always water-power, solar radiation and atomic energy to make us millionaires. A large nuclear-power submarine, for instance, could transport under the ocean, cheaply and quickly, heavy cargoes from shore to shore without producing any conspicuous waves. Transport by land and air, the author thinks, may not change noticeably except in speed, but ingenious devices will be found to remove the causes of traffic jams. Towns need not grow further. There will be no necessity for us always to be seeing people once the electrical gadgets get into full swing. A televised telephone, for example, would save much going and coming in towns.

Sir George believes we shall eventually be able to make the equivalent of fresh food in laboratories so that mankind and the lower animals, too, may have as much to eat as they want. He is not out to do everything with machines or to make everything synthetically. If plants can make things that we require without fuss he would let them. If monkeys can be trained to pick fruit efficiently on the plantations why try to invent elaborate machines to do this?

Chemistry undoubtedly is going to have a great innings making for mankind food, clothing and heat. As the author points out, the basic materials for everything we want lie about us in great plenty. Carbon, hydrogen and oxygen are the three important non-metals. Aluminium, magnesium and iron are the three important metals. There are practically unlimited supplies of all of these on the earth.

Sir George is optimistic about what biological advances will do for us and our descendants. In medicine we should overcome conditions like senility and possibly even conquer old age. If we can penetrate to the constitution of the gene it will be possible to produce favourable 'mutations' and so make better men and women of ourselves. He is less optimistic of the way the man of religion, the artist, and the moralist will fare in a climate of scientific certainty and material wealth.

This book can be warmly recommended to the general reader. Its importance lies in its giving a view of the future on the material side of life—odd, exciting, on the whole optimistic—as seen by an acute and critical judge. The author has taken pains to build this future temperately and firmly on the solid rock of established fact. The reader will feel that he can trust him and, with him, look forward with some misgiving but with great expectancy to the years ahead.

Into China. By Claude Roy.

MacGibbon and Kee, and Sidgwick and Jackson. 25s.

When M. Roy went to China in 1952 as a guest of the Peking authorities he enjoyed himself immensely, and he has written a most readable and fascinating account of his journey and what he thought of it all. M. Roy has certain assets for writing a book like this. He is observant, makes friends easily and has a pleasant sense of fun. Being a poet and critic of some standing in France, he is able to bring his great literary talent into play, and as well as harbouring a long-standing love for the Chinese people, he is markedly left-wing. His communist sympathies ought to detract from the book, but strangely they do not. This is probably because his other attributes are not out-weighed by his beliefs. The descriptive passages sometimes reach a height of beauty (much credit is due here to his translator, Mervyn Savill) and M. Roy's sensitivity in the face of the harsher and cruder facets of Chinese Communism paints a truer picture for the reader because we are aware that being a sympathiser he ought to close his eyes to such things.

He is particularly incensed with what he thinks is a prevailing misunderstanding of the Chinese people in western eyes, and his method of pointing to the absurdity of this misconception is forthright and sometimes amusing: 'It is understood that the Chinese (the Chinese) is a pot-bellied, fatalistic chimpanzee, indifferent to torture and death, a prolific breeder who lives on rice, tea, and opium, hating foreigners, selling his children for a song, etc.' And he goes on to reconstruct a few entries from a supposed 'Dictionary of Preconceived Ideas about China':

Brigands: all Chinese are brigands. Coolies: all Chinese are coolies. Detectives: those Chinese who are neither brigands, coolies nor mandarins are detectives. Kidnapping: from the Chinese word kih-dnhah-ping—the Chinese national sport . . .

His satire, however, is not directed exclusively towards the occident. There are certain aspects of life under the new order in China which come in for the same treatment. His three pages describing a journey from Hangchow to Shanghai on a People's Train (a performance which he com-

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res with the ceremony in the *Malade Imaginaire* at the *Comédie Française*) are very funny indeed, but they bring home more vividly than anything else the nightmarish quality of excessive over-enthusiasm among petty officials in China today. The author was brought face to face with all aspects of life in contemporary China, and a mixture of boyish enthusiasm and cultured sophistication has produced a book of varied impressions, not all of which, despite M. Roy's warnings, are pleasant to contemplate. But on the whole there is less of Communism than of China and the Chinese, and undeniably more of Claude Roy than of either.

pes, Angels and Victorians By William Irvine.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Professor Irvine of Stanford University, having written a lively book on *The Universe of G.B.S.*, has followed it up with another on Huxley, Darwin and some of their contemporaries, which received so much favourable comment that is worth examining its purpose and effect. It is not a work of scholarship; it is drawn almost entirely from standard published works, though quotes from a few unpublished papers and from one or two unfortunate medico-psychological essays; it has some errors of detail, e.g., about the provisions of the 1870 Education Act, the spelling of Dean Farrar's name, and the date of foundation of the Labour Party. It is also rather oddly arranged; it begins with the famous Huxley-Wilberforce clash of 1860, jumps back

Huxley's birth in 1825, then back further to the early life of Darwin (born in 1809); after another brief interlude on Huxley (*circa* 1860) returns to Darwin's life, and having buried him in the Abbey, goes back to Huxley again.

When this is allowed for it is a vigorous and entertaining book, and when Professor Irvine forgets his private obsessions he can write vividly, and even with affectionate understanding of his subjects. Huxley the bishop-baiting and polemical writer, and Darwin among his happy family and his greenhouses at Downe, both come fully to life, and all that he writes of description can be and will be read with pleasure, even though he sometimes yields to the temptation to coin a bright but misleading phrase. It is not sensible, for example, to describe Huxley as 'a literary and philosophic butterfly', or to refer to the last decade of Darwin's life—in which he wrote half-a-dozen books, including his autobiography, and conducted a great deal of scientific observation—as practically posthumous'.

What is really unfortunate, though, is that Professor Irvine has been bitten by a psychosomatic bug, which makes him determined to prove his great men to be neurotic and their wives and works to be conditioned wholly by peculiarities in their early history. Huxley, as a boy, unexpectedly assisted at the dissection of a human body. It made a deep impression on him, which he himself has recorded. But Professor Irvine sees in that incident the whole explanation of Huxley's recurrent attacks of headaches, dyspepsia, etc., and further a continued aggressiveness, 'the result of a fear neurosis springing from his early encounter with a human corpse'. Similarly, Huxley's failure to become 'a literary man'—his eloquent writing notwithstanding—must be explained by a fundamental lack of interest in human beings, and his efforts in the field of State education (somewhat slightly discounted) by a desire for 'more government, more posts for scientists'.

The case of Darwin is even worse. Darwin's mother was a man of strong personality. Therefore, he obsessed his children; he created a household of disagreeable daughters and neurotic sons—no evidence of this being given;

he induced in Charles lifelong hypochondriacal illness, 'a neural weakness closely allied to insanity'; and in the eight years' study of barnacles Darwin's biographer 'is tempted' to see nothing more than the further evidence of the effects of his father on him, 'a passionate desire to win respect and love . . . a sense of insecurity born of many shattering explosions of paternal wrath'.

Now this is sheer nonsense, and Professor Irvine, when he is writing of the facts and not of his own fantasies, discloses that he knows it quite well. He knows that 'headache, dyspepsia and prostration' affected many eminent Victorians who did not dissect corpses in their youth—if he did not, there are dozens of biographies to inform him; he knows that no less a person than Hooker recognised that Darwin's labours over the barnacles turned him into a trained naturalist whom all in the scientific world had perforce to respect; he knows that Huxley had a very great gift for personal friendship and that Darwin's affection for his father was so deep that when he came to write his own autobiography recollections of his father filled all the earlier part. He knows all this; yet because of his preoccupation with current anti-intellectual theories and half-baked psychology he continually denigrates the integrity and achievement of his heroes. It is a pity, for he could have written a really good popular book.

Men with Golden Hands

By E. H. G. Lutz.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

This book is made up of a series of scenes in operating theatres described by a number of different eye-witnesses. There are fifteen stories in all, narrated by such actors in them as the surgeon, his chief assistant, the anaesthetist, the theatre sister, the patient, the family doctor, and they are told with such skill that the reader seems to be watching the little group clustered round the operating table and listening to the few words that pass between its members.

All of the operations described are of a serious nature and many of them are the spectacular surgical feats now being performed on the heart, and all of the scenes depicted possess a highly dramatic quality; the reader shares the anxiety of the actors in them when the critical moment in the operation is reached and quick decisions have to be made and grave risks taken. He enjoys also the relief felt by everybody present when the patient's over-burdened heart starts beating again and the crisis has passed. In case this should not be enough to satisfy all readers, additional excitement and tension has been provided from outside by the fact that some of the operations described were actually performed at extremely eventful moments during the late war.

There is, for example, the story called 'The Assassination' which describes the brave effort to save the life of Heydrich, the Nazi dictator in Czechoslovakia, after he had been wounded by a bomb, and there is the equally exciting episode entitled 'Operating on a Dictator'. This is a book that the many people interested in the art of the surgeon will enjoy immensely. The translation has been well done.

The Adriatic Sea

By Harry Hodgkinson. Cape. 21s.

The Dalmatian Coast

By Anthony Rhodes. Evans. 12s. 6d.

These two new travel books devoted to the pleasures of travelling down the Dalmatian Coast confirm the growing popularity of Yugoslavia as a holiday resort. Mr. Hodgkinson's book is the more ambitious of the two for he

covers both the Italian and Jugoslav coastlines of the Adriatic, and his main interest is in evoking the past history of such cities as Ravenna, Venice, Split, and Dubrovnik. Obviously a scholar, this author writes in rather a pedestrian manner. *The Adriatic Sea*, however, contains a great deal of interesting and little-known information. Describing Split and the coastline southwards to Dubrovnik, he raises the intriguing query whether Shakespeare ever visited Dalmatia, and points out that his geography of Illyria is unexpectedly correct. He also has some informative passages on Robert Adam's visit to Diocletian's palace at Split and the influence it had on his architecture. The book is well illustrated with photographs but lacks an index—surely essential in a travel book of this kind?

Mr. Anthony Rhodes' *The Dalmatian Coast* is a more modest work but it will probably prove more helpful to the average tourist. Starting at Trieste, he ambles agreeably down the whole coast and mixes historical background with practical tourist information in a pleasing way. Apart from describing the great natural beauty of such resorts as Pola, Split, and Dubrovnik, this author manages to communicate something of the wild Balkan spirit which makes a visit to Jugoslavia so exhilarating an experience, and he stresses the friendly hospitality of the people living along this historic coastline. This book has some fine photographs by Richard Rhodes. The Dalmatian coast has always offered the more intrepid traveller a unique kind of holiday, and both these books will encourage the modern tourist to undertake such a journey.

Memorable Balls

Edited by James Laver.

Verschoyle. 30s.

No part of our social apparatus is better designed to fire the imagination; the ball is our court of love and it is decorated by every voluptuous device that can allure the eye, tickle the senses, or enliven the feet. How then can we fail to be charmed by the history of eleven of the most celebrated parties ever given, described by some of our most talented writers? This is not a rhetorical question for, in fact, we do fail; and when we have been told of handsome furnishings, beautiful women, exquisite clothes, and elaborate displays eleven times over we begin to understand the meaning of the phrase '*le monde où l'on s'ennuie*'. The danger has been understood and an attempt has been made to give some variety by describing entertainments which were not balls, by attempting to animate the scene by historical or biographical studies and sometimes by downright padding.

Only Mr. Harold Acton, who relates the horrible story of the *Bal des Ardents*, and Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, who contributes a nice essay in disenchantment, succeed altogether. The other contributors fall, more or less heavily, between serious social history and imaginative reconstruction. The imaginative reconstructions are unconvincing. We need someone to take us to the party as Elizabeth Bennet, or Anna, or even Billy Pringle can take us, or else the intense partisan excitement of a Froude who can make the pageantry a part of the drama of history. This is lacking and these writers do not, perhaps, have the space in which to make the incidents that they describe moving or real. Social history requires an altogether drier and more methodical approach; it also needs contemporary illustrations which would, on any reckoning, be much more suitable than the decorations provided by Mr. Walter Goetz. It is an odd thing that Mr. Laver, who is a historian of art, should have neglected the one device that might have saved this volume from becoming tedious.

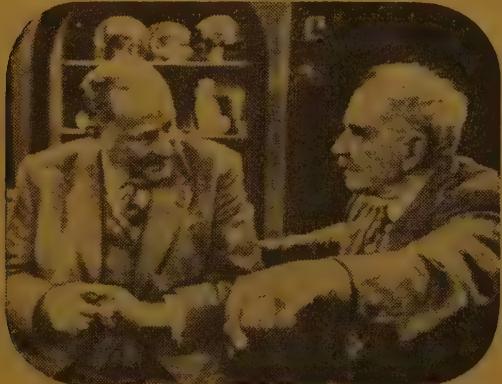
CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY Selective Viewer

IF I MAY SAY SO, to borrow Mr. Hugh Gait-skill's overworked phrase in last Friday night's 'In the News' session, influenza forced me to be for once a severely discriminating viewer. Almost, I enjoyed the sensation. There was positive satisfaction in ignoring the Grove family shrine in its corner, in just not caring about who or what was on television. My week's viewing was in fact disdainfully selective. I saw no more than half a dozen programmes in full, among them two or three that I am glad not to have missed. The rest came under only casual scrutiny, like so many train window glimpses of an uninteresting landscape.

In 'Panorama', that bulging valise of a programme, Dimbleby looked like a visiting elder from Salt Lake City, Muggeridge an early Christian martyr, John Betjeman an unfrocked clown. The two last-named were supposed to embellish the controversy over a new planning scheme for Princes Street, Edinburgh. Questioned by Muggeridge, Betjeman replied with



As seen by the viewer: Ralph Wightman (left) and a farmer in 'A Dorset Journey' on December 6

baby talk about burning all motor-cars and an unweaned attitude in general to twentieth-century existence, though over in Channel 9 his voice is regularly heard extolling the English countryside in the interests of Shell petrol. The Edinburgh argument had been briskly stated by two local spokesmen, putting their points over a model of the proposed Princes Street car park which is the cause of the row. They nearly succeeded in making their subject seem highly consequential to us in the south; one up to them.

In the same programme, B.B.C. audience research expert, Robert Silvey, gave us an assured and tactful survey of viewer responses since the advent of I.T.A. It was no part of his brief to say, what I can, that alternative television is still pretty rough, judged by B.B.C. standards, which in certain respects are fast improving. Technically, B.B.C. television gives us much the better picture.

'A Dorset Journey', with Ralph Wightman squiring us over chalk and beach, and 'Look', with Peter Scott and a Dartmoor naturalist, H. G. Hurrell, mastered even my wayward attention. The Dorset half-hour, on film taken

by William Morris, left me with the thought that there, in that small county of sixty miles by forty, they do not betray eternity by killing time. The local disregard of the modern pace was well and truly registered and the film was rich in viewpoints of a countryside stamped with fewer excrescences than most parts of our land today. This was a programme that touched the instinct for nature which is at the heart of the English character, and one could believe that it brought refreshment to many in the vast urban audience. 'Look', taking us to a Dartmoor fringe, gave us more glimpses of restorative solitudes before riveting our attention to the foreground preoccupations of the naturalist who has tamed and bred pine martens. H. G. Hurrell's film of that comparatively rare and elusive British animal ranks with Heinz Sielmann's woodpecker studies in its power to charm the eye. He also showed us his films of ravens and buzzards, confirming the supremacy of natural history as a subject for television. Seeing only the last part of 'Discovery of a Landscape', a film in which various talents had combined to present the true inwardness of the Lakeland scene, as well as its physical attractions, I felt, perhaps mistakenly, that the literary and verbal content overpowered the visual appeal. The producer was John Read and it follows that the camera had been put intelligently and sensitively to work on water, earth, and sky.

There were pleasantly relaxing moments in the telerecording of the Concert Artistes' Association dinner, with Cyril Fletcher inducing the laughs and Margaret Lockwood contributing to the charm. 'International Swimming', at Isleworth Baths, was a source of exhilaration which the cameras enabled us to share with an unusually keen audience. The pictures were often exceptionally good, splashing our screens with the flurry of rivalries that will go down in the record books.

Knitting together the remainder of my ravelled notes of the week, I thought that the soundly instructive new instalment of Raymond Lyttleton's astronomy series was worth seeing, even by stinging eyes like mine. For numerous viewers he has made the sky a marvellous place, hung with universal chandeliers instead of being pricked with stars. After it, 'Film Profile' of the agreeably undogmatic producer named John Paddy Carstairs was a Light Programme devia-

tion which may have been more gratifying its subject than to many of us looking on. For all his experience as a comedy film maker, lacked the authority which infallibly binds our attention. 'Asian Club', with its moving sincere faces, had Sir John Nott-Bower, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, as its guest. He rose admirably to the occasion.

There was a tea-time interlude in which we were confronted by a personality new to me, name, Peter Forster; subject, books for Christmas; voice and manner, Gillie Potter's, humorously less obvious. Television has never succeeded at book reviewing, so much so that a former B.B.C. Director-General, Sir William Haley, made it one of his personal problems apparently without finding the time or the means to solve it. Peter Forster engages the ear without being too demanding of one's interest and thereby secures it. At the same time, and again without emphasis, he made books seem important and television a reprehensible truant from them. If he can hardly be credited with causing the bookshop congestion which has since been one of my more heartening Christmas shopping experiences, his awareness of the exclusive pleasure that books can give is encouragingly persuasive.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Moor to Come

WHAT PROMISES TO BE an exciting performance of 'Othello' is billed for this evening (Thursday). I shall hope to write of it next week. The week under past review has not been very exciting: at least on the B.B.C. 'They' over Channel 9 have recently scored rather heavily in drama, with some well filmed and expensive cast plays, some even highbrow or, more daringly, French. On B.B.C. waves the filming has been mostly American; Grace Allen and the wiseacre Burns were funny in a sketch about how not to make up your mind which film you actually want to go to see. But the playlets have been mostly 'regional'.

I hasten to add that I do not use the word 'regional' in any disparaging sense; nor would I use the word 'amateur' thus either, though that too, wrongly applied, is, I am told, actionable. But the Welsh play 'Davy Jones Locker' was by self-styled amateurs and by definition it was a play of localised appeal. Jack Walters in his signal-box was a great character and the little piece went along as puffingly as the trains which passed unseen beneath the roof of levers. That was on Tuesday. On Thursday tantalisingly, we benighted Londoners were unable to get 'Y Gymwynas Olaf', described as 'Drama ddilectif gan John Ellis Williams' which must surely have been quite as Welsh as Tuesday's piece, if not more so. However, there were the pieces which had scored a mark of distinction at the Cheltenham play festival; one by Joan and John Ormerod called 'That Old Talent', which was ingenious, the other a—my idea—rather laboured fancy about an imaginary encounter between the young Oscar Wilde and a violet. This was by Elaine Morgan. Hal Burton produced. The play on Sunday was even more regional still, if that is the way we are allowed to describe the doing



Ruskin's house at Coniston, shown in 'Discovery of a Landscape' on December 7

Photographs: John Curnow



Scene from 'The Devil Came from Dublin' on December 11, with (left to right) Charles Victor as Stanislaus Brannigan, Harry Hutchinson as Father Phelim, Raymond Young as Mike MacNamara, and Elspet Gray as Rita Ronan

the Irish border village of Chuckeyhead. The Sunday before it was Glasgow—and I made enemies by referring to Groves with Glasgow accents. But that acting was magnificently strained and relaxed compared to the frantic juggling and Oirish blarney of 'The Devil Came from Dublin'. On the stage this piece, which has an excellent idea, came over very nicely, but on the screen in this version I am bound to say it seemed forced. The basic fun combines the best in the baiting of a Malvolio and the kind of small community in panic which Gogol drew so cruelly in 'The Government Inspector'. It is far from being one of Paul Vincent Carroll's better plays, but there is enough material in it to fill out a tolerable ninety minutes. It was only that one somehow lost faith in the playing which, much larger than life, seemed in some cases like a parody of Irish acting and in others to be listening to the sound of its own brogue to a point where one would gladly have shut the sound down together and merely gone by the expressions on the faces of Liam Redmond (woebegone drunken police sergeant), Sheila Manahan (as ever the sullen herself), Elspet Gray as the local scold, and Lillah, who behaves so stupidly 'leadin' the das on', Raymond Young as Mike the muggler, and Mignon O'Doherty,

whose immense shoulders can express indignation without the help of any words. Rather less at home, but playing up unsparingly, were Michael Goodliffe as the reformer who is made mock of, and Charles Victor as the publican. Many other good faces, some of them more Irish looking than the last mentioned, peered and leered around. It was not boring really. I shall want to see another instalment of the new serial, 'The Adventures of Annabel', before pronouncing on this saga of a lady pianist in peril. Miss Elizabeth Allan looks charming seen across the keyboard—but before everyone in my 'local' comes to blows with the subject, may we be told officially if it is actually she who makes the piano noises we hear, or is she playing and pedalling away at a dummy, wagging her head like a golliwog in time to Chopin, while really the music is coming from some other instrument played by somebody else? I

assure the producer, Chloe Gibson, that this is no light matter and that the great British public feels keenly on such questions, where mere matters of art, probability (in serials), and even acting leave it comparatively unexcited.

'Music at Ten' on Sunday brought us half an hour of Spanish dancing by members of the company of Senorita Pilar Lopez (who either did not appear at all or only in ensemble hardly recognisably (an attitude of self-effacing modesty uncommon in 'stars')). I have not in the theatre enjoyed this team's contributions so much as on their former visits. But this presentation on the screen, by Margaret Dale, was really triumphant; the best capturing of ballet

for a very long time. It is true that

I have seen for a Spanish ballet, which tends to stamp itself out in a relatively confined pattern of space, is easier by far to focus than, say, *ballet blanc* where the ground covered and the spectator's eye pose different problems. All the same, Miss Dale was wonderfully clever at getting just the right angle, 'cutting' at the right moment, showing us the centre of the dance and not its extremities: the more so as this was half an hour of flamenco, free style—unpredictable, therefore. The setting, with the shadow of the wind fan circling the floor, the weird *cante hondo* sounds, and the guitar of Luis Maravilla, were full of '*evocación*', and Montoya among the men performed prodigies.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE



Scene from the first episode of 'The Adventures of Annabel' on December 10, with (left to right) Margaret Tyzack as Nyassa Gordon, Elizabeth Allan as Annabel, Geoffrey Dunn as Arnold Firbank, Patrick Troughton as Richard Barrett, and Ernst Ulman (seated) as Valona

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

In Time of War

SOMEONE IN 'The Creedy Case' (Home) calls it the hardest thing in the world to start a row in war-time; it gets stifled at birth. Even so, the Creedy case itself looked, at one stage, as if it might run on a gunpowder-trail from War Office to House of Commons. It did not; but, in Edward Crankshaw and Archie Campbell's version of Mr. Crankshaw's novel, it becomes a radio play that can start speculation, that has an urgent theme (a pull between social duty and moral integrity), and that—intentionally or not—pictures the working of what an essayist has named 'the Establishment'.

Brigadier Peter Maltby, who narrates, knows all the right people. Lucy Scoresby could not have thought of a better man when she summoned him to leave fishing in Scotland and to help her husband in the Creedy case. And what was this? A sudden official decision (the year is 1943) to post Captain Creedy to Delhi from his secret work at Station 'Q'; an equally strong decision by his commanding officer,



'Wilde West' on December 8—one of the Cheltenham Festival plays written specially for television—with (left to right) Keith Grieve as Chuck Cooper, Wilfred Brambell as Ezra McGill, Judith Wyler as Jenny McGill, Peter Sallis as Oscar Wilde, and Sylvia Overman as Lindy

Colonel Scoresby, to keep the man, a brilliant specialist, where he was. Since it is a crime to disobey an order, 'even damned silly ones', it looked as if George laid his head on the block. Mr. Crankshaw makes an exciting thing of the splinter-sharp argument, the warning of loyalties, the different ways in which the Creedy case is judged. He manages to put, in a few words, his views on the Russian mentality—not irrelevant, for Creedy is being 'winkled out' of his job on the suspicion of a leakage of official secrets. One thing that appears to me to be needless is the mild love affair that does not help at all, and that hazes the clear line of the play. Luckily, the dramatists do not insist upon it.

Monica Grey and David Enders touched the Scoresbys to instant life. George, striving for a principle, is a loyal tinder-box. His father, unimaginative, thinks he is a voluntary martyr going to meet the enemy halfway: Richard

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GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

lliams gave the man to us in a rapid charcoal sketch. It said much for the dramatics that our hearts were with Lucy when, failing to avert a son-and-father skirmish, she dropped the cocktail shaker upon a Georgian canter. Brian Haines and Margaret Wedlake could call up the grating little Creedy—whose manner was suggested, most acutely, in the shop scene—and his patient wife; and it was good casting to get Allan Cuthbertson, the unattractive major of 'Carrington, V.C.', to use his most-flaked tones as George's major-general: like the frigid winds blowing through the 'War House'. Cyril Raymond impressed me with Peter's charm, but he had a less impressive gift of throttling the ends of his sentences.

Wars are looming, or in progress, most of the time behind the action of 'Ulick and Tadgh' (Third); it is the kind of tapestryed war that, though participation in it must have been grim, does not bother us in retrospect. The period is the early fourteenth century in Ireland, with a look at France and a few words from Edward II in London. Medieval (and half-legendary) Ireland was a battlefield: that is the groundwork of the tapestry, and we are more occupied with the forefront, with the tale of Sir Ulick de Burgo and the Princess who became a nun, and the harper (Tadgh Dorach) who was faithful through several lengths of romantic adventure.

George Moore wrote the tale, one imagines, so that he could play in the mind with the country of his childhood, the 'soft mild' world of Lough Carra with its islands (on one of which his ashes are buried); Castle Carra and the Abbey of Ballintubber; and, far in the distance, Mayo's holy mountain, Croagh Patrick. It is on Carra that the play ends, with Ulick as 'a whiteness passing down the glen', and Tadgh waiting on the rock, in grey moonlight, until the coming of dawn. Moore's story, in this enchanting script and production by E. J. King Bull, has a slow grace. Violence long ago comes to us as almost a tranquil tale, and it is easy to slip across the seven years since Tadgh, captive of the Scots, is an indifferent shepherd and gooseherd in the Rhinns of Galloway. Cyril Cusack as Ulick, Wilfred Lambell (as the determined Tadgh), and

St. John Barry (as the voice of George Moore) sent us moving quietly down the stream of time until it came to a sudden stop on the sunlit waters of Carra.

In a week of pleasure it was a pleasure to meet Charles de Laet Waldo Sibthorp, who died just over a century ago. 'Portrait of the Colonel' (Third), in Michael Wharton's script and Christopher Sykes' production, was about several hundred columns of Hansard—the Member for Lincoln, an eighteenth-century squire strayed into the Industrial Age, who erected a splendid screen of prejudice, and who became, unknowingly, an English character. 'If he had lived today', said the narrator with reason, 'he might have been a famous television personality'. Sébastien Percy developed a rich, angry bark for Sibthorp's tags and saws; and we heard, at the end, one of Palmerston's glossiest pieces of tact.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Ask Me Another

I AM NOT SURE if 'Town Forum' crops up at regular intervals or merely now and then; all I am sure of is that its activities perform a valuable function in bringing a British team and a foreign audience into direct contact, and in broadcasting the ensuing proceedings or at least parts of them.

Last week, with its chairman, Denis Morris, and a team made up of the Bishop of Birmingham

ham, Christopher Mayhew, M.P., Professor Thomas Bodkin, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, it visited Vienna. On these trips abroad the questions put to the team are as a rule highly personal—personal, I mean, as between nation and nation. They are evidently framed with the object of mutual understanding by drawing out the differences and similarities between the British and their hosts and, as often as not, of giving the visitors a few sly digs in the ribs which bring a liveliness to the proceedings. But at last week's meeting the queries were for the most part of more general interest, such as might be asked in 'Any Questions?' Here are three examples, not, I'm afraid, in the exact words in which they were framed: 'What remedy for road accidents does the team suggest?' 'What elements of truth, beauty, and goodness does the team find in modern art?' Is there any value in cultural exchange between nations of different political faiths?' One question, however, and the answers to it brought vividly and painfully before us what must be one of the chief preoccupations of Austrians today: 'Austrians would like to know if Great Britain's friendship means that she is ready to protect them if attacked'. The answers must have sounded disappointing to Austrian ears, but they were the only possible ones. Another question, very gratifying to us, asked how it was that our soldiers behave so well as an army of occupation in contrast with those of certain other nations.

In 'The Archaeologist' Glyn Daniel, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, and Stuart Piggott replied to various questions which they had previously invited and in doing so they gave us half-an-hour of lively, unconventional talk in which I could not detect the faintest whiff of a script. I was delighted to learn that on the evidence of the leaden cross mentioned by Camden these archaeologists think it possible that King Arthur and Queen Guinevere were buried at Glastonbury. On the other hand they knocked the props from under my fond belief that the Phoenicians got their tin from Cornwall. There is no evidence, it seems, that they came further west than Spain.

It occurred to me as I listened to this broadcast that other series might do themselves or us some good by opening the door and calling for pertinent questions from the world outside. In 'Metaphysics', for instance, the air has been becoming more and more 'conditioned'; indeed, the atmosphere in Iris Murdoch's 'Metaphysics and Ethics' was so rarefied that I found it difficult to breathe. But the speakers in this series might justly point out to me that they were addressing not me but listeners who are much more familiar with the development of metaphysics in the past half-century.

In the case of 'The Use of Poetry', which Patric Dickinson and R. N. Currey are investigating, interesting and helpful results might accrue if they could hale to the microphone two or three specimens of that type of reader they have been discussing who is attracted but bamboozled by poetry. I have felt sometimes in these conversations that when talking about the breakdown in communication they have put more blame on the baffled reader than he deserves. Often in the poetry of recent decades the boot is on the other leg; breakdown is due not to the bulb in the sitting-room but to the dynamo in the power-station, in fact not to failure to understand but to failure to express. That bird, for instance, quoted by Mr. Dickinson, 'that whistles after the hot wires' seems to be an extraordinarily unsuitable messenger for a poet to choose to convey his meaning. Surely the only excuse for obscurity is profundity, but here the obscurity is merely factitious; a matter of information, not of intelligence. To me that

phrase was double-Dutch until Mr. Dickinson told us the secret, and I suspect he himself was in the same plight until a little bird told him.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Tribute to Sibelius

IN THE BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE which he paid to Sibelius in 'Music Magazine', Sir Thomas Beecham expressed his regret that the concert of Sibelius' music, which he conducted last Thursday, was broadcast in the Third Programme and not in the Home Service. His complaint was that it would consequently reach only a small audience. But are there really still many people who avoid the 'Third' simply because it is the 'Third', imagining its contents to be either above their heads or subversive propaganda in favour of 'modern' art? And would they listen to a concert of Sibelius' music anyhow? And by 'listen' I mean *listen*—not switch on and do something else. The coverage of the Third Programme is nowadays, I believe, fairly general, and it must be remembered that serious programmes in the Home Service are rarely broadcast in all the Regional services and are, therefore, not available everywhere in the land.

Sir Thomas Beecham was fully justified in aspiring to the largest possible audience, for never in my experience has there been a better performance of the Fourth Symphony, that concentrated essence of Sibelius' individuality as a composer. Sir Thomas had rightly protested against the notion that all Sibelius' music is austere—'bleak' used to be the favourite adjective—and he showed in practice that the symphony is one of the most euphonious and even sensuously beautiful compositions of the present century. 'Tapiola', the other big work in the programme and the last that the composer has given to the world, a third of his lifetime ago, stood for bleakness with its tearing storms and ice-cold shiverings—a *Sinfonia Artica* to balance Vaughan Williams' at the other pole. The 'Swan White' and 'Pelléas et Mélisande' Suites, on a lesser plane, were the chief supporters of Sir Thomas' argument, delicious music played with an exquisite sensitiveness to shades and colouring. Sibelius may not be one of the great masters of the orchestral palette, like Ravel or Rimsky-Korsakov, but he evolved an orchestral style that is as individual and as apt to his purpose as his process of symphonic construction.

Whatever its audience in England, the concert surely had a large one in Finland, headed, we were told, by the composer himself. It is something for us to be proud of, that we have an orchestra—it was the Royal Philharmonic—and a conductor who could offer to a great composer such a beautifully fashioned birthday present. Sir Thomas was rewarded in the interval by the presentation of the insignia of a Finnish order—an event preceded by some hilarious happenings on the platform, whose nature must have puzzled Mr. Sibelius as much as it intrigued me. Never have I wished so much that the 'Third' would relax its austere ban on reportage.

On the previous evening, Rubbra's Fifth Symphony was given the best performance we have had so far in the series played by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Ian Whyte. Coming shortly after the previous week's performance of the Sixth, the Fifth seemed an even finer composition, more completely satisfying in its form. Rubbra has learnt something from Sibelius in structural procedure, replacing the thematic contrasts of sonata-form by a continuous evolution of his material. The danger of this method is naturally that the music will wander too far afield to preserve its structural coherence. Rubbra avoids this difficulty, and

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the whole symphony a clinching poetic climax by bringing back an evocative echo of the drum-figure heard earlier in the slow movement.

Earlier in the week, Franz André conducted the Belgian Radio Orchestra in two programmes. The first was of popular classics, such as one would expect to find in the Home Service, but placed in the Third presumably because on Sunday evenings the Home is otherwise engaged. The orchestra has an excellent body of strings and rather less remarkable

able wood-winds and brass. As a conductor Franz André is apt to hack at the accents and hustle the pace. The brass-theme just before the 'riot' in Tchaikovsky's 'Romeo and Juliet' was much too snappy, and the soloist in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, the admirable Clifford Curzon, was harried by arbitrary changes of speed, especially in the finale. Franck's Symphony was given a more satisfactory performance, though here, too, the finale was taken too fast for its dignity, and its flow was impeded by over-accentuation. The orchestra's second

programme introduced three works by Belgian composers, of which Jongen's Harp Concerto made the most agreeable listening, though in the nature of things it could hardly be a work of importance.

There is a tendency in the Third Programme to offer us whole concerts of music from one country or another—there was one from Latin America recently—without ensuring that at least some of the works performed shall be really worth our attention.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Cipriano de Rore: a Great Renaissance Composer

By DENIS ARNOLD

Rore's Petrarch cycle 'Le Vergine' will be broadcast at 7.5 p.m. on December 20, and 7.55 p.m. on December 22 (Third)

CIPRIANO DE RORE is one of the comparatively few great composers whose work gains by being considered together with a definite philosophy and theory of music. Minor musicians interested in history abound in history; but they usually find there only as part of Tovey's gallery of Distinguished Historical Figures. Rore's greatness, however, is undeniable, and so is his interest in a particular set of theories, those of Vicentino, under whom Rore served for a number of years at the court of the Este family at Ferrara, before he himself was appointed maestro di capella there about 1550. Vicentino's theories, as we know them from his book *L'antica musica ridotta alla moderna pratica*, bore the same relationship to the music of the age as dodecaphonic theory did to that of the mid-teens. They were revolutionary, yet curiously rooted in the practice of the past: much abused by practically every other theorist, yet widely influential among composers. The problem was the widespread one of musicians of the Renaissance. Why did music seem now so trivial, when to the Greeks it had been so overwhelming? Why was music now little more than the tickling of the ears? Why, above all, did it not satisfy the whole man?

Vicentino's answers were based not so much on Greek philosophers as on an interpretation of Greek theorists. The centre of his ideas was the discovery that the Greeks had apparently three different scale systems. Their three *lute*, as these were called, were the diatonic, a mixture of tones and semitones; the chromatic, consisting entirely of semitones; and the enharmonic, a strange affair demanding fractions of a tone for its realisation. There had been nothing like these last two in recent times, and Vicentino wrote music for them and even invented a keyboard instrument, the archicembalo, with extra keys to which to tune the notes not possible on normal harpsichords.

The result was an uproar amongst scholars, who agreed with Vicentino, and soon enough scholarship was proved inaccurate and hopefule in the extreme. But the theorists for many years had to face this problem of *generatio* to declare their own attitudes. Composers ignored the arguments but found the extra notes available by the chromatic scale to be very interesting. Especially when they had seen the archicembalo, they experimented with chromaticism. Almost every composer who visited Ferrara and saw Vicentino's original instrument and chromatics afterwards—Lassus, Marenzio, Gesualdo, whose strange idiom was probably connected less with homicidal neurosis than with his second marriage, to a Ferrarese princess, Leonora d'Este,

Cipriano, living at Ferrara, was acquainted with both Vicentino and the archicembalo, and we know of his interest in the chromatic idea from an experimental piece, a setting of Latin words (the reversion to an ancient language is significant) for four basses, using the chromatic scale and a wide circle of distant modulations. Yet his main interest was not in such extremes. He was a thorough technician in the contrapuntal idiom, and his work shows that he was fully aware that the problem was not to reproduce Greek music, but to recreate the spirit of the ancients within the framework of the modern idiom.

His sense of responsibility is seen in everything he composed. He never published the trivias of which most of the composers of the time were full—*villanelle*, *villotte*, and the like. Although there are among his work madrigals which are settings of the commonplace frivolities of madrigal verse, there are often signs of a greater seriousness. It is the gloomy and sombre poems of Petrarch which often attract him; and the monumental *canzone*, such as the great and long prayer to Our Lady, 'Le Vergine', present the greatest challenge for the composer. Even the verse for his occasional music is quite serious.

Cipriano's method of approach to text setting is still more seriously thought out. Vicentino, following every Greek philosopher, had insisted that music should match the words. Rore was the first to explore thoroughly the methods of doing this. The conventional symbolism of ascending motives for 'ascendit Deus' and so on was beside the point. For Rore it was the emotional meaning of the verse which was significant for the musician; and it was for this purpose of matching music and verse that the expansion of technique was necessary. For example, at the beginning of a madrigal, 'Cruel, bitter, and inexorable Death', he uses the upward leap of a major sixth—not encouraged by the conservatives—in all the parts. Chromaticism fitted here very well. Sounding very strange to the sixteenth-century ear, it was ideal in setting such phrases as 'I shall never more be happy'. Cipriano's chromaticism in these madrigals does not take the form so much of strange scales; rather, he explores the possibilities of distant chords in modulations which fit in naturally to a contrapuntal scheme. The degrees of the scale in his music come to have their modern significances. Minor thirds and sixths are unstable and tend to gloom and severity. The major intervals are more secure and are in keeping with the 'sweet sighs' of the Petrarchan lover.

To these new possibilities of contrast, Cipriano adds differences in *tempo*. The stillness

and peace of the lover before meeting his intransigent beloved are very suitable for the old-fashioned speeds and note-values. The more vigorous activities are crowded with the newly discovered faster rhythms, with their multitudes of quavers, which give Rore's pages the appearance of modern music. The tessitura of the voices, the varied groupings of the choir and the contrasts of simple chords and complex imitative polyphony, all these are pressed into the service of expressing the words.

The variety gained in all these things gives Cipriano's music an air of continual contrast. Previous writers of secular music in the sixteenth century were, for the most part, content for the madrigal to proceed in musically unified patterns. But in one madrigal of Rore we may find calmness (the lover is taking pastoral pleasures), vigorous happiness (he is contemplating the possibility of bliss), and violent, hopeless passion (death is the sole relief), all expressed within a few bars. The musician has at last caught up with the poet in psychological truth. If the term 'humanist' can be applied to music at all, this style gives it meaning. Out of contemplation of the ancients has come a music fully able to reflect the rapid twists and turns of thought and feeling so typical of man.

It is this psychological attitude rather than the purely technical innovations that gave Rore his interest for the later humanist composers and theorists, all of whom traced the revolution back to his work. Monteverdi considered (with truth) his own advanced style to be derived directly from the madrigals of Rore. Even Monteverdi's opponent, Artusi, although very reluctant to concede that so great a composer as Cipriano should break any of the rules, had to admit that he was perhaps the first of the 'moderns'. Zucconi, writing a textbook for singers, advised practice of the rather difficult passages nowadays found in madrigals, and commented that some 'innovations' by Monteverdi could be matched in the work of the earlier composer. Giovanni de Bardi, whose ideas did more than those of anyone else to bring about the invention of that most humanist of all musical forms, opera, traced modern music back to Cipriano. Convinced that polyphony was not the way of recreating the glories of the ancients, Bardi nevertheless agreed that 'if death had not snatched him from us, Cipriano would in my opinion have led polyphonic music to a perfection from which others would have been able to reduce it, little by little, to that true and perfect music so much praised by the ancients'. In this sense surely Cipriano de Rore was the first great 'modern' of the sixteenth century.

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or the Housewife

Party Fare for Children

By AMBROSE HEATH

CHILDREN always seem to like sandwiches, and nowadays there are so many kinds of delicious potted meats that they are no trouble at all. But they can be made more exciting if they are cut in different shapes, or the thin rolls, or sandwiches made with half white and half brown bread, or the more elaborate sort called chessboard sandwiches, looking rather like a Battenberg cake with squares of white and brown bread. I expect most modern mothers know how easy it is to keep them fresh and moist for some hours: wrap them first in waxed paper and then in a damp cloth, or just put them into a bowl or box and cover it with a dry cloth and put a wet one on top. Do not put them in the refrigerator, at any rate not for long.

I would like to say a word or two about cakes. Apart from the rich Christmas cake there were other beautiful confections I used to enjoy when I was a child, principally a simple form of layer cake, as it has come to be called, usually filled with cream, or a creamy mixture, and coated with icing sugar. I cannot remember much imagination being used in making these cakes, and it was not until long after childhood that I realised how much nicer it is to use a different filling and a different icing—different both in taste and colour—one chocolate and the other orange for instance, or coffee and raspberry, or strawberry, lemon, and vanilla. You can ring the changes quite a good deal, so, when you are icing small cakes and biscuits.

Today we have the advantage of being able to buy or make our own ice-cream comparatively simply, and I suppose children will show their preference for this always. The ice-cream wafer and the rather more sophisticated

meringue glacé with its ice-cream filling both offer a good way of preventing over-indulgence in this fascinating fare.

Talking of *meringue*, do let me urge a thrilling dish which would make any party momentous. When you have made your *meringue* mixture, use it to line a flan case, as you would use pastry, bake it slowly like an ordinary *meringue*, turn it out, and when it is cold and firm fill it first with some mashed fruit (tinned or quick-frozen)—it must not be too wet—and then cover this with whipped cream, real or imitation. It is delicious, and has a pleasantly 'Christmassy' look, too.

Another dish made with *meringue* mixture that always goes down well is sometimes called Snowballs. Here the mixture is poached in milk in small, rounded spoonfuls—a teaspoon is large enough—and when they are drained and put aside, the milk is turned into a custard, vanilla-flavoured if you like, but perhaps chocolate is better, as it shows the white *meringue* off more. When the custard is cold, the little *meringue* snowballs are arranged on top.

Chocolate is always popular. When I was nursery age I used to adore a chocolate shape made in the form of a bunny rabbit. Many years later we discovered that this was even more popular if the chocolate was flavoured with a spot of peppermint essence, a kind of chocolate-peppermint-cream shape. We had become rather more sophisticated. And for chocolate addicts who want something more substantial, there are those two excellent and amusingly named French dishes, Negro's Head, and Negress in a Nightdress. The first one is a vanilla-flavoured rice cream coated with chocolate sauce and surmounted by a turban of whipped cream, and the Negress consists of chocolate-flavoured

rice cream covered over with a 'nightdress' of whipped cream.—*'Woman's Hour'*

In the new edition of her collection of recipes, *A Book of Mediterranean Food* (Penguin Books, 2s. 6d.), Elizabeth David describes dishes which bring to English kitchens a flavour from the 'lands of sun and sea and olive trees'. The majority of the recipes do not require exotic ingredients, being made with everyday vegetables, herbs, fish, and meat, treated in unfamiliar ways. They range from soups and 'substantial dishes' to jams and preserves. The book is appropriately decorated by John Minton.

Notes on Contributors

TERENCE PRITTIE (page 1027): *The Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany

BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL (page 1031): economist and political philosopher; author of *Du Pouvoir* (translated as *Power*), *Problèmes de L'Angleterre Socialiste*, etc.

SIR ARNOLD PLANT (page 1033): Sir Ernest Cassel Professor of Commerce, London University, since 1930; author of *The Population Problem*, etc.

DONALD BOYD (page 1035): Chief Assistant, Talks (Sound), B.B.C., until April 1955; formerly on editorial staff of *The Manchester Guardian*

CZESLAW MIŁOSZ (page 1039): author of *The Captive Mind*, *The Usurpers*, etc.

L. P. KIRWAN (page 1040): Director and Secretary, Royal Geographical Society, since 1945; editor, *Geographical Journal*

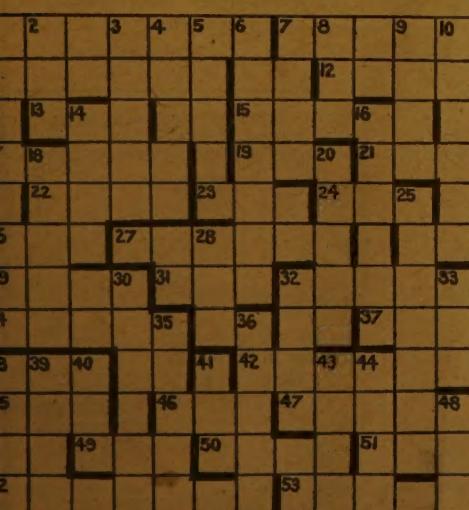
VERY REV. W. R. MATTHEWS, K.C.V.O. (page 1044): Dean of St. Paul's since 1934; author of *The Problem of Christ in the Twentieth Century*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,337.

Threes Out. By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

losing date: first post on Thursday, December 22. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Three consecutive letters, always the same three letters of the alphabet, though not always in the same order, are omitted from every light. The remaining letters are inserted, in their normal order, in the diagram. The thirty-eight unchecked letters appear in the rigmarole: 'To name three out again? Idiotic! A maniac! A loon!

CLUES—ACROSS

- If you want to fish in troubled waters, come here for bait (10).
- Spanish cabinet of five maintain the negative (8).
- Technically 24R. (9).
- Larks are about out, but these are always piquant (7).
- This holds the pots for baking (6).
- Entrust (8).
- Mind your head in Auld Reekie (8).
- Look, fish is back in the red (6).
- The halls of ancient Greece, and one city explicitly (6).
- A bird of passage (7).
- Caprine in origin, coming to a sad end (6).
- Noisy equipoise between gravitating liquid and a nicely calculated uprush of air (6).
- Waiter, there's a subscription missing (6).
- One and one make seven (5, 4).
- Dyed in the wool (7).
- Don't you believe it; it's only so much hot air (6).
- Real pain for a wild imaginer (8).
- A bit of a bounder from down under (8).
- A goatsworth of one cant and another (6).
- Eponymous sponsor of 20D. (6).
- Lily on a reduced scale makes a watering-place pull our legs (9).
- In a violent passion (6).
- Crash! (6).
- Seaweed jelly, full of bacteria (8).
- Aramaic O.T. paraphrase makes a sailor stick (6).
- Tunny roe to tickle the digestion (7).
- Silver painting with some useful information in it (6).
- One version of 'The

Rake's Progress' (10). 53R. 'And sheath'd their swords for lack of —' (8).

DOWN

- Mere boasting (11).
- Raingage [sic] for the car (6).
- Pike forwards? No, sir, backwards. Just right for the troops in the town (8).
- This slows down the cue-ball (8).
- One-way 22A. (8).
- Taking a plate from here, a plate from there, and putting them all together (10).
- Sourness symbolised (7).
- Puma (6).
- He's expecting a conveyance (7).
- Instruction to an Italian tenor to put a sob in it (9).
- Hubble-bubble (7).
- Sea-berry: glorious to start with, I'm in tatters at the last (9).
- Any groom can adapt himself to rural economy (8).
- Tragedian lost his head and became madder, being buttonholed (8).
- Gigantic in appetite (10).
- Bulbous and graveolent; a breath of Romance (6).
- Executed Unitarian from Budapest (9).
- Hence nim-oil (7).
- A hawk's first year (6).
- Steel with gold inlay (8).
- It might give flavour to 7D. (8).
- 38U. This has passed its 33U when caught (7).
- Substantial contributor to the Gironde (7).
- A blank piece of paper will spoil the spirit (6).
- Blue-flowered bristly cordial (6).
- It's 20-point and equal to anything (7).
- Tag-rag and mare's tail, please (7).
- Participant in 53R. (6)

Solution of No. 1,335



Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. V. Carter (Manchester); 2nd prize: H. Roe (Barking); 3rd prize: R. A. Sawyer (Banstead)

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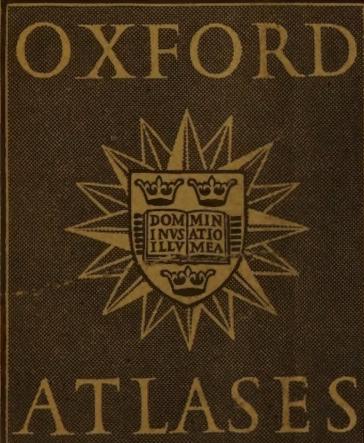
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